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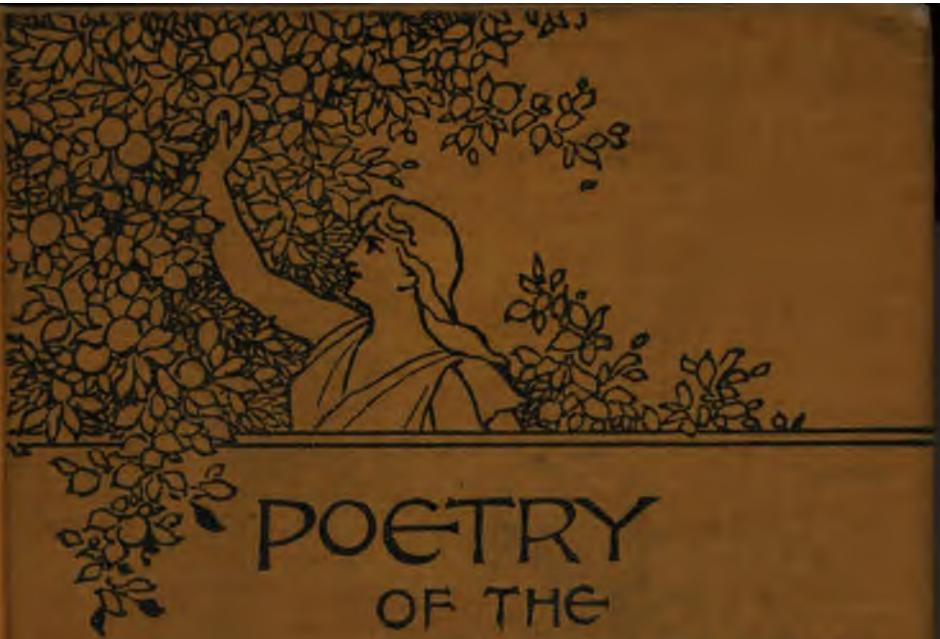
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POETRY
OF THE
SEASONS

MARY I. LOVEJOY

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Poetry of the Seasons

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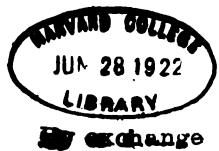
MARY I. LOVEJOY

COMPILER OF "NATURE IN VERSE"



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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To My Father and Mother.

NATURE.

NATURE never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.

— *William Wordsworth.*

P R E F A C E.

PERHAPS the most potent agency in fostering a love of nature, next to direct "communion with her visible forms," is found in the eloquent tributes of the poets, whose sympathetic interpretation of her "various language" has a peculiar charm, especially for young people, from their instinctive delight in rhyme and rhythm.

POETRY OF THE SEASONS is designed for grammar schools and for home libraries. Its predecessor, NATURE IN VERSE, a poetry reader for primary grades, has been acceptably used by thousands of teachers and pupils, and there have been numerous requests for a companion volume for older readers.

It is believed that teachers and school boards will appreciate the assistance which this book cannot fail to render as a supplement to nature study in the grammar grades. It will perform a double mission, in stimulating the love of nature, and in familiarizing its readers with some of the choicest forms of pastoral and lyric poetry.

The selections have been made with great care from a large number of the best English and American authors. They treat of the seasons, their varied phenomena, their characteristic flora; the habits of birds and other animals; the wonders of the earth, sea, and air; together with correlated lessons on order, industry, etc. The arrangement enables the teacher to follow the outline of work suggested by *spring*, *summer*, *autumn*, and *winter* during the school

year, and the ample and varied material permits suitable selection for all classes of pupils. The book will be found no less attractive for home use, either for young people or for adult readers.

The selections from the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Bayard Taylor, Edgar Fawcett, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, and Alice Cary are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, publishers of the works of those authors ; the selection from James Whitcomb Riley's "Poems of Childhood" is used by permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company ; and the other copyrighted material by permission of Roberts Bros., D. Appleton & Company, Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Thomas Whittaker, Damrell & Upham, A. D. F. Randolph & Company, A. C. McClurg & Company, Copeland & Day, Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, Perry Mason & Company, Coates & Company, C. J. Viets, Lothrop Publishing Company, and Mrs. Harriett M. Lothrop, to all of whom the compiler desires to express grateful appreciation of their kindness and courtesy. She also extends sincere thanks to the authors who so cordially granted permission for the use of their poems.

That POETRY OF THE SEASONS may awaken parents, teachers, and pupils to a deeper sense of the wonderful works of Nature, our great teacher, and that the lessons learned therefrom may be productive of lasting good, is the sincere desire of the compiler.

M. I. L.



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POETRY OF SPRING.



IN ENGRAVING

Camille Bernier.

Poetry of Spring.

THE ELOQUENCE OF NATURE.



O ye, and read at length the mystic lore
Where some Niagara's dark waters roar.
Draw nearer; tremble at the amazing plan;
See how they scorn the pygmy works of man.
Admire the swelling, grand, foreboding hush,

Where they are gathering for the awful rush
That bears them thundering down the dizzy steep,
To mingle, boiling, in the foamy deep.—
List to the rumbling of the mighty floods,—
Their eloquence is but the type of God's;
Or, note the tempest's wrath, the lightning's glare,
The rainbow's image on the cloudy air,
Bright, beautiful, divine, too fair to stay,
Where all created beauty fades away.
Think how the whirlwind's wrath, the thunder's pride,
Terrific, echoing from the mountain's side;
Suns, planets, comets, on their pathway rolled,
Like brilliant, burning, moving orbs of gold;
The summer's radiant glow, mild autumn's ray,—
All, all, the great Creator's might display.

Each flower that sheds its fragrance on the air
 Shows some divinest signet fastened there ;
 Exalts the soul above this meanest clod,
 And bids us see and hear a present God,
 Whose voice of majesty no words confine, —
 An eloquence eternal, deep, divine.

— *Samuel Francis Smith.*

From "Poems of Home and Country."

THE SEASONS.

SO forth issued the seasons of the year ;
 First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stores)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That, as some did him love, so others did him fear.

— *Edmund Spenser.*

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

— *Thomas Moore.*

MORNING.

NOW morning from her orient chambers came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill :
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill,
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,

Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

—John Keats.



SUNSHINE LAND.

THEY came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light ;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night ;
Clear weather or cloudy,—'t was all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun.
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called this country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? — a simple thing
(It will make you smile when once you know) :
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow ;
So many, so many, so small and bri-
They covered the hills with a ma
And the wild bee hummed, and
Through the honeyed fields of !

If over the sea we two were bound,
 What port, dear child, would we choose for ours ?
 We would sail, and sail, till at last we found
 This fairy gold of a million flowers.
 Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
 Of many small joys our pleasures are made,
 More near than we think, — very close at hand,
 Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

— *Edith Matilda Thomas.*

SONG OF PRAISE.

FAIREST of stars, last in the train of night —
 If better thou belong not to the dawn —
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines —
 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

— *John Milton.*

THE COMING OF SPRING.

ing in the air
 sweet and rare —
 ys,



There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
 Returning as before,
 We see the bloom of birth
 Make young again the earth.

—Nora Perry.

THE MESSENGER OF SPRING.



HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy
 rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome
 sing.

What time the daisy decks
 the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide
 thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitate.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fiest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring :

—*John Logan.*

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long ;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song ;
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fances
Are veiled with wreaths as Italian plains ;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

— *Felicia D. Hemans.*

SPRING.

LOOK all around thee ! How the spring advances !
L New life is playing through the gay, green trees,
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze !
How every blossom in the sunlight glances !
The winter-frost in his dark cavern flees,
 warm-wakened, feels through every vein
 influence of the vernal rain.

How silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
 Dance joyously the verdant vales along ;
 Cold fear no more the songster tongue is stealing,
 Down in the thick dark grove is heard his song ;
 And all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
 A thousand plants the field and forest throng ;
 Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
 And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

— *Ludwig Tieck.*

A SPRING SONG.

O SPRING-TIME sweet !
 Over the hills come thy lovely feet ;
 The earth's white mantle is cast away,
 She clothes herself all in green to-day ;
 And the little flowers that hid from the cold
 Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mold.

O Spring-time sweet !
 The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet ;
 Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
 By the first spring flower and the song of the bird ;
 Our sweet, strange feelings no room can find,
 They wander like dreams through heart and mind.

O Spring-time sweet !
 Now the old and the new in thy soft hours meet !
 The dear, dead joys of the days long past,
 The brightness and beauty that could not last,
 Their fair ghosts rise with the ending of snow,—
The springs and the summers of long ago.

O Spring-time sweet !
 With silent hope thy coming I greet ;
 For all that in winter the bright earth lost
 Doth rise, new-born, with the ending of frost ;
 Even so shalt thou bring me — at last, at last ! —
 All the hope and the joy and the love of the past.

— *Translated by James Freeman Clarke.*

SONG IN MARCH.

NOW are the winds about us in their glee,
 Tossing the slender tree ;
 Whirling the sands about his furious car,
 March cometh from afar ;
 Breaks the sealed magic of old winter's dreams,
 And rends his glassy streams ;
 Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
 Their fetters from the lakes,
 And with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
 Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms,
 And clasps her in his arms ;
 Lifting his shield between, he drives away
 Old Winter from his prey ;
 The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves
 Goes howling to his caves ;
 And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
 Yields up the victory ;
 Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
 And March comes bringing

Simms.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee ;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring ;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 In joy that they again are free,
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Renew their journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE WIND.

THE wind has a language, I would I could learn ;
 Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern ;
 Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along ;

And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain ;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

— *Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, “ Now for a frolic ! Now for a leap !
Now for a madcap, galloping chase !
I'll make a commotion in every place ! ”
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about ;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch ran off with each prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks ;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river-banks ;
Puff--rds as they sat on the spray,
'ing's highway.

It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he
stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

— *William Howitt.*

MARCH.

THE March wind whistles through the somber pines,
Whose sable crests show on the mountain ridge,
Like band of specters, gaunt and gray and grim,
Against the cold blue sky; cold, clear, and blue
Without one fleecy cloud.

From furrows brown
 The green blades shoot, that shall hereafter glow,
 'Neath August sun-rays, into molten gold,
 And fill our garners with the bounteous store
 That crowns man's labor, and rewards his toil.
 March, with his stern, grand brow, frowning, yet kind,
 Front of a Titan ; of imperious will,
 King March rides blustering o'er dale and mead,
 And with his chastening rule, prepares the way,
 For green-robed April, with her showers soft,
 The pure warm sunshine, and her opening buds
 Of yellow cowslip bells.

And jocund May,
 Crowned with white blossoms, scatters in her track
 Hawthorns all odorous, pink apple-blooms,
 And all the gorgeous beauty of her dower,
 That glads our English homes. So in our life,
 Our truest joys must be from trial reaped,
 And as March winds foreshadow April sun,
 Our dross through furnace passing, comes out, — gold
 — *All The Year Round.*

A SAIL ON THE CLOUDS.

THREE'S a beautiful cloud-fleet passing by,
 With white sails all unfurled ;
 Let's take a sail o'er the blue expanse,
 And visit the mystery-world.
 We'll sail and sail o'er the spacious sea
 With the pilot Breeze to steer,
 And never come back to the earthlan'
 For a day and a month and a ye-

We'll visit the place where the little dame
Plucks wool from the fleecy clouds,
And weaves it into the snow-white robes
That are sent for the winter shrouds.
We'll sail to the West when the day is done,
And watch while the artist's hand
Is painting the glow in the sunset sky
With gorgeous colors and grand.

And we'll see how he fills his treasure jars
With pigments of brilliant dye,
Where red and yellow and crimson tints
With the royal colors vie.
For these he must use when the harvest moon
Looks down on the ripened sheaves,
And the time has come to brighten the earth
By painting the forest leaves.

We'll watch the sun as his chariot rolls
Far down the horizon's rim,
And he carries the beautiful day along,
And earthland is growing dim.
Then we'll sail to the North where the Major Bear
Is holding his dipper of rain,
And we'll listen to hear how the flowers laugh
As he empties it over the plain.

We'll explore the place where the comet abides
And brushes her hair of gold,
Or plays coquette with the polar star,
Or dances with meteors bold.
Then we'll skim the cream from the milky way,
And make us a choice repast,

And lay us to sleep upon downy beds,
And dream while the night shall last.

Then waking; we'll sail to the reddening East,
Where Morning comes in at the gate,
And watch the sun with his prancing steeds
Ride up to the door in state.
Then again o'er the boundless blue we'll float,
Far off in the ether clear,
And never come back to the earthland sweet,
For a day and a month and a year.

— *Mary L. Wyatt.*



THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

LO! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash
Where the clouds send their cavalry down!
Rank and file by the million the rain-lancers dash
Over mountain and river and town :
Thick the battle-drops fall — but they drip not in blood ;
The trophy of war is the green, fresh bud :
O, the rain, the plentiful rain !

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry ;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark ! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the
eaves.
O, the rain, the plentiful rain !

See, the weaver throws wide his own swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor ;
And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain
On the step by her half-open door ;
At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
O, the rain, the plentiful rain !

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-heated heather nods to the shower,
And the hill-torrents lift up their voice :
And the pools in the hollows mimic the fight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in the light :
O, the rain, the plentiful rain !

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat ;
So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears :
O, the rain, the plentiful rain !

— *The Spectator*

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven !

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow luster smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Thomas Campbell.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell, the rivers flow ;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward as they go !
Life is made of smaller fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work or play ;
So may we with greater profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten then and catch them,
As they pass us on the way,
And with honest true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.

At our work, or by the wayside,
 While the sun is making hay,
 Thus we may by help of study
 Learn a little every day.

—*Selected.*



THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges ;
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE RIVER.

O TELL me, pretty river !
Whence do thy waters flow ?
And whither art thou roaming,
So smoothly and so slow ?

My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse the April showers ;
My cradle was the fountain,
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

One morn I ran away,
A madcap, noisy rill ;
And many a prank that day,
I played adown the hill !

And then 'mid meadow banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave ;
I hear the ocean's roar —
And there must be my grave.

— *Selected.*

THE HYLODES.

(PEEPING FROGS.)

THE Hylodes! The Hylodes!
Throw up the window-shades.
The Hylodes are trooping up
 The meadows and the glades.
I hear them piping near and far,
 A gleeful band are they,
Who, for a mighty carnival,
 Prepare the joyous way!
Oh, hear them by the river side,
 And in the shaded rill—
Their trumpets make the forests ring
 And echo from the hill;
The rustling reeds and rushes, where
 The mole has built his nest,
And grasses by the water's edge
 Are startled from their rest;
The jay his jingling bell has struck;
 The melancholy crow
Has called aloud from all the trees
 And fluttered to and fro;
The titmouse and the winter wren,
 And buntings on the plain,
Have heard the piping Hylodes,
 And joined in their refrain!
Aye, now the wilderness shall sing,
 The desert bloom in grace,
And glad shall be the desolate
 And solitary place.

The Hylodes ! The Hylodes !
They're coming everywhere,
Their pipes are wild and garrulous,
And madly storm the air ;
They come as mottled harlequins,
In yellow vests, I ween,
Who dance before the stately hosts
Of lords in bottle-green ;
They gambol in the wintry pool,
And by the flecks of snow,
And chase each other in the bog
Where hoods of purple grow ;
And when the calm, reluctant day
Is filled with pensive light,
And evening shadows creep along
Before the stealthy night,
Then listen to the Hylodes,
Whose myriad notes arise
As if a host of sprites had come
From Gabriel in the skies.

The April cloud is on the wing,
The dew is on the lea,
And soon the violet shall smile
And speak of love to thee ;
The sweet hepatica has heard,
And troops of daffodils
Are throwing kisses to the light,
And nodding to the rills ;
The flowers that long have slumbered
The bleak and barren ledge.
And where the winter hare haunts
Beside the water's edge —

All deftly with their finger-tips
 Their coverlets have stirred,
 For now the resurrection notes
 Of Hylodes are heard.

The Hylodes ! The Hylodes !
 Oh, hear them as they come !
 The robin and the blue-bird now
 We gladly welcome home ;
 The sparrow and the meadow-lark,
 And all the wingèd throng,
 Shall drench the woodland and the fields
 In floods of joyous song ;
 And when the thrush within the dell
 His heavenly note shall sound,
 And when the bobolink shall fall
 In rapture to the ground,
 And when the drum-beat of the grouse
 Shall signal far away,
 And light shall tremble on the leaf
 And ripple in the day, —
 Then shall the mottled Hylodes,
 In leafy bowers above,
 In silence and in perfect bliss,
 Dream all the day of love.

—*Lewis G. Wilson*

THE SEA.

THE Sea it is deep, the Sea it is wide ;
 And it girdeth the earth on every side,
 On every side it girds it round,
 With an undecaying, mighty bound.

Like a youthful giant roused from sleep,
At Creation's call uprose the Deep ;
And his crested waves tossed up their spray
As the bonds of his ancient rest gave way ;
And a voice went up in that stillness vast,
As if life through a mighty heart had passed.
Oh, ancient, wide, unfathomed Sea,
Ere the mountains were, God fashioned thee ;
And he gave, in thine awful depths to dwell,
Things like thyself untamable —
The Dragons old, and the Harpy brood,
Were the lords of thine early solitude !

But night came down on that ancient day,
And that mighty race was swept away ;
And death thy fathomless depths passed through,
And thy waters melted out anew ;
And then on thy calmer breast were seen
The verdant crests of islands green ;
And mountains in their strength came forth,
And trees and flowers arrayed the earth ;
Then the Dolphin first his gambols played
In his rainbow-tinted scales arrayed ;
And down below, all fretted and frore,
Were wrought the coral and madrepore,
And among the sea-weeds green and red,
Like flocks of the valley the Turtles fed ;
And the sea-flowers budded and opened wide
In the luster of waters deepened and dyed ;
And the little Nautilus set afloat
On thy bounding tide his pearly boat :
And the Whale sprang forth in
And shoals of the Flying-fish.

And the Pearl-fish under thy world of waves
Laid up his stores in the old sea-caves.

— *Mary Howitt.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ; —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : — not so thou ;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeyς thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear ;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

— *Lord George Noel Gordon Byron.*

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

“ I'M of no use,” said a little brown seed ;
“ Where shall I go and hide ?
I'm little and brown, with nobody's love
And ugly beside.”

So she rolled and she rolled very quickly away,
 And tumbled on the ground ;
 The rain came in torrents, and fell upon her
 And all things around.

And she felt herself sinking in darkness beneath,
 Poor little faithless seed !
 Where never an eye could see her sad fate,
 Oh, she was hidden indeed !

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
 To herself still sighing,
 Till at last with an effort she roused up, and cried,
 "I'll begin by trying.

" I'll try and stop fretting, for 'tis of no use,
 And if I've nobody's love,
 I'll look up in hope, for there's one who will see,
 The dear God above."

Oh, would you believe it ! straightway the dark ground
 Began to tremble and shake,
 And make way for the little seed, hopeful now,
 Her upward way to take !

Up, up she went, till at last she saw
 The lovely, bright blue sky ;
 Oh, the beautiful spirit had found release,
 And the summer time was nigh !

The brightness and beauty that grew upon her,
 I cannot begin to speak ;
 Crowned with flowers she stood, beloved by all,
 So lovely, — yet so meek.

BE PATIENT.

B E patient ! oh, be patient ! Put your ear against the earth ;

Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth —

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! The germs of mighty thought Must have their silent undergrowth — must underground be wrought ;

But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,

Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! Go and watch the wheat-ears grow —

So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor thro'e — Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown — And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! Though yet our hopes are green,

The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen,

Be ripening ! be ripening ! — mature your silent way, Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest-day.

— Richard C. Trench.

WONDERFUL.

ISN'T it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass,—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till Doomsday-shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?—
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all Earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Common-place is a bird, alway,
Everywhere seen and heard,—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till the Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
 How a little baby grows,
 From his big round eyes, that wink and blink,
 Down to his tiny toes ?
 Common thing is a baby though,
 All play the baby's part,—
 But all the whirling wheels that go,
 Flying round while the ages flow,
 Can't make a baby's heart.

— Julian S. Cutler.

GRASS.



THE rose is praised for its beaming face,
 The lily for saintly whiteness ;
 We love this bloom for its languid grace,
 And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
 Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
 And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
 How slight is the praise we render.

But the grass knows well in her secret heart
 How we love her cool, green raiment ;
 So she plays in silence her lonely part,
 And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
 With sun and dew brimming over ;
 Each year she pleases the greedy cows
 —ans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves
From spring until stern November ;
And then she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember.

And while she serves us with gladness mute
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot,
Yet we never wound her feelings.

— *Edgar Fawcett.*

TREE-PLANTING.

JOY for the sturdy trees ;
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand.
The song-birds o'er them trill ;
They shade each tinkling rill ;
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest ;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale ;—
Whether to grow or fail,
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair ;
Plant them with earnest care,—
No toil is vain ;

Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send ;
All things on Him depend, —
 His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower, —
His presence and His power
 Are everywhere.

—Samuel Francis Smith.

From "Poems of Home and Country."

THE FIRST CROCUS.



Do you know where the crocus blows?
Under the snows;
Wide eyed and winsome and daintily fair
As waxen exotic, close-tended and rare;
Every child knows
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know why the crocus grows
Under the snows?

To tell that the winter is over and gone,
And soon bird will gladden the lawn,

And the hedgerows
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know when the crocus grows
Under the snows ?
When little ones sleep in their warm downy beds,
With mother-hands smoothing their dear curly heads ;
While the storm goes
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know while the crocus grows
Under the snows,
That One smileth softly and says, " I will send
This promise that all stormy times have an end ? "
So our Lord knows
Where the first crocus blows.

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THE SNOWDROP.

THE herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce, to plead
For its beleagured brethren ; suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of wind and blustering storms, and, having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

— *Selected.*

SPRING.

(AFTER MELEAGER.)

NOW the bright crocus flames, and now
 The slim narcissus takes the rain,
 And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,
 The daffodillies bud again.
 The thousand blossoms wax and wane
 On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
 But fairer than the flowers art thou,
 Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown,
 That my Love's feet may tread it down,
 Like lilies on the lilies set;
 My Love, whose lips are softer far
 Than drowsy poppy petals are,
 And sweeter than the violet.

— *Andrew Lang.*

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOW.

WE, modest, crimson-tipp'd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure¹
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

¹ *Stoure*, dus

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,¹
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted² forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's³ maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield⁴
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who lang with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,

¹ *Weet*, rain, wetness.

² *Glinted*, peeped.

³ *Wa's*, walls.

⁴ *Random bield*, casual shelter.

Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

— *Robert Burns.*

TO THE FIRST ROBIN.



A WELCOME warm awaits
thee,
Bright herald of the spring ;
Thy voice of winning sweet-
ness
Has still its merry ring.
The winter days are over,
And buttercups and clover
Will gladden all the way
In which thy feet may stray,
Whilst thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along
Robin, Robin !

Thou hast tarried long and late,
A questioner of fate,
Feeling cautiously thy way,
In thy coming day by day

Now take a crumb or two,
 And cheer thee up anew ;
 The pastures, bleak and sere,
 In beauty will appear ;
 And the roaring northern blast
 Be a memory of the past,
 Whilst thou singest, singest
 Thy old familiar song,
 As the seasons roll along,
 Robin, Robin !

Oh, thou'l be surpassing sweet,
 With thy nimble little feet
 Tripping lightly o'er the lawn
 At the breaking of the dawn,
 And "Good-morning, summer's coming."
 Not a harbinger of spring,
 However sweetly he may sing,
 Can sing as thou singest, singest
 Thy old familiar song,
 As the seasons roll along,
 Robin, Robin !

— *Henry Stevenson Washburn.*

From "The Vacant Chair and Other Poems."

THE ENGLISH ROBIN.

SEE yon robin on the spray ;
 Look ye how his tiny form
 Swells, as when his merry lay
 Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,
Specking o'er his coat with white,—
Though loud roars the chilly blast,
And the evening's lost in night,—

Yet from out the darkness dreary
Cometh still that cheerful note;
Praiseful aye, and never weary,
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,
Who, when storms make others quake,
Sings of days that brighter were.

— *Harrison Weir.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

WHEN winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-ap-
pearing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-clearing geese to the lakes are a-steering ;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring !
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring ;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather ;
The blue woodland flowers just b ning to spring,
And spicewood and sassa

O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure ;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure !

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms ;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worm from the webs, where they riot and welter ;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is — in summer a shelter.

The plowman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows — now mounting to cheer him ;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet, simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow ;
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

— *Alexander Wilson.*

APRIL, EVER FRAIL AND FAIR.

AT last young April, ever frail and fair,
 Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
 Chased to the margin of receding floods
 O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
 And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

APRIL.



SPRING ! the beautiful Spring is coming,
 The sun shines bright and the bees are
 humming,
 And the fields are rich with the early flowers,
 Beds of crocus and daisies white,
 And, under the nodding hedgerow, showers
 Of the ficky golden bright !
 Come, come, let you and me
 Go out, and the promise of Springtime see,
 For many a pleasant nook I know,
 Where the hooded arum and bluebell grow,
 And crowds of violets white as snow ; —
 Come, come, let's go !
 Let's go, for hark !
 I hear the lark ;
 And the blackbird and the thrush on the hill-side tree
 Shout to each other so merrily ;
 And the wren sings loud,
 And a littl
 Of

Come, come! come along with me,
 For the tassels are red on the tall larch tree,
 And in homesteads hilly,
 The spathed daffodilly
 Is growing in beauty for me and thee.

— *Mary Howitt.*

APRIL.

APRI^L cold with dropping rain
 Willows and lilacs bring again,
 The whistle of returning birds
 And trumpet-lowing of the herds ;
 The scarlet maple-keys betray
 What potent blood hath modest May ;
 What fiery force the earth renewes,
 The wealth of forms, the flush of hues ;
 What joy in rosy waves outpoured,
 Flows from the heart of love, the Lord.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

IN APRIL.

APRIL is here!
 Listen, a bluebird is caroling near !
 Low and sweet is the song he sings,
 As he sits in the sunshine with folded wings,
 And looks from the earth that is growing green
 To the warm blue skies that downward lean,
 As a mother does, to kiss the child
 That has looked up into her face and smiled.

Earth has been sleeping, and now she wakes,
And the kind sky-mother bends and takes
The laughing thing in her warm embrace,
And scatters her kisses over its face,
And every kiss will grow into a flower
To brighten with beauty a coming hour.

April is here !

Blithest season of all the year.
The little brook laughs as it leaps away ;
The lambs are out on the hills at play ;
The warm south wind sings, the whole day long,
The merriest kind of a wordless song.
Gladness is born of the April weather,
And the heart is as light as a wind-tossed feather.
Who could be sad on a day like this ?
The care that vexed us no longer is.
If we sit down at the great tree's feet
We feel the pulses of Nature beat.
There's an upward impulse in every thing ;
Look up and be glad, is the law of Spring,
And, as flowers grow under last year's leaves,
New hopes arise in the heart that grieves
Over the grave of a gladness dead,
And the soul that sorrowed is comforted.

April is here !

I know there's a blossom somewhere near,
For the south wind tosses into my room
A hint of summer, — a vague perfume
It has pilfered somewhere (I cannot tell
Whether from pansy or pimpernel),
But it sets me dreaming of birds and bees,
And the odorous snowstorms of apple-trees ;

Of roses sweet by the garden wall,
And milk-white lilies, stately and tall ;
Of clover red in the morning sun,
And withered and dead when the sun is done ;
Of the song that the stalwart mower sings,
Of gladness, and beauty, and all sweet things
That summer brings.

— *Eben Eugene Rexford.*

APRIL.

“ A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

— *Wordsworth.*

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck ; and, from the hills,
A murmur, like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass ; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The drooping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets ! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That leaned to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,

That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoisoned, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

— *Nathaniel Parker Willis.*



APRIL.

"The Spring comes slowly up this way." — *Coleridge*.

TIS the moon of the spring time, yet never a bird
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard ;
 For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,
 And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow ;
 Where windflower and violet, amber and white,
 On south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the light,
 O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots,
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots ;
 And longing for light, under wind-driven heaps
 Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel creeps,
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
 With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers !
 We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
 For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth,
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !

— *John Greenleaf Whittier*.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

O H, to be in England,
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England, — now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows, —
Hark ! where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops, at the bent spray's edge, —
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

— *Robert Browning.*

IN APRIL.

THE poplar drops beside the way
Its tasseled plumes of silver-gray ;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds
Impatient for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall,
The hyacinths grow fair and tall ;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind
And odorous bees are over all.

— *Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

ORIGIN OF VIOLETS.

I KNOW, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn —
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born !

When God cut holes in Heaven,
 The holes the stars look through,
 He let the scraps fall down to earth,—
 The little scraps are you.

—*Selected.*

THE YELLOW VIOLET.



WHEN beechen buds
 begin to swell,
 And woods the blue-
 bird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest
 bell
 Peeps from the last year's
 leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mold,
 And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried ;
I copied them —but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

— *Robert Herrick.*

'TIS THE WHITE ANEMONE.



TIS the white anemone, fash-
 ioned so
 Like to the stars of the
 winter snow,
 First thinks, " If I come
 too soon no doubt
 I shall seem but the snow that
 stayed too long,
 So 'tis I that will be Spring's
 unguessed scout,"
 And wide she wanders the woods
 among.

Then, from out of the mossiest hiding-places,
 Smile meek moonlight-colored faces
 Of pale primroses puritan,
 In maiden sisterhood demure ;
 Each virgin floweret faint and wan
 With the bliss of her own sweet breath so pure.

And the borage, blue-eyed, with a thrill of pride
(For warm is her welcome on every side),
From Elfland coming to take her place,
Gay garments of verdant velvet takes
All creased from the delicate traveling-case
Which a warm breeze breaks. The daisy awakes
And opens her wondering eyes, yet red
About the rims with a too long sleep ;
Whilst, bold from his ambush, with helm on head
And lance in rest, doth the bulrush leap.

— *Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton (Owen Meredith).*

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay ;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;

I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— *William Wordsworth.*

THE BLUE JAY.

O BLUE JAY up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue ?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest ?
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true !

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay ?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day ?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think, —
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred ;
And then they said, " We will toss it in air ;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird ! "

— *Susan Hartley Swett.*

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE song of Nature is forever,
Her joyous voices falter never ;
On hill and valley, near and far,
Attendant her musicians are.

From waterbrook or forest tree
For aye comes gentle melody ;
The very air is music blent,
A universal instrument.

When hushed are bird and brook and wind,
Then silence will some measure find,
Still sweeter ; as a memory
Is sweeter than the things that be.

— *John Vance Cheney.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

LISTEN a moment, I pray you ; what was that sound
that I heard ?
Wind in the budding branches, the ripple of brooks, or a
bird ?
Hear it again, above us ! and see a flutter of wings !
The bluebird knows it is April, and soars toward the sun
and sings.

Never the song of the robin could make my heart so glad ;
When I hear the bluebird singing in spring, I forget to
be sad.

Hear it ! a ripple of music ! sunshine changed into song !
It sets me thinking of summer when the days and their
dreams are long.

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend in a silver
strain

The sound of the laughing water, the patter of spring's
sweet rain.

The voice of the winds, the sunshine, and fragrance of
blossoming things,

Ah ! you are an April poem, that God has dowered with
wings !

— *Eben Eugene Rexford.*

THE GOLDEN ORIOLES.

THEY both were artists, gathering hair and hay,
And built their hidden cot with twittering joy,
When orchards smiled with blossoms through the day,
And brooklets sang with gladness but were coy.

The eggs were tempting in the cherished nest,
 Which hung and swayed secure from bending limbs ;
 When soon the birdlings came with orange breast,
 And listening morn was charmed by woodland hymns.

With bits of tune, and gold on fluttering plume,
 And hungry bills, they flew in search of food,
 When sleeping fields awoke in vernal bloom,
 And welcomed there the richly painted brood.

They added beauty, grace, and song to earth,
 Beneath the amorous love of kissing skies,
 When roses, wafting their perfume, found birth,
 And all the world became a paradise.

—J. Hazard Hartzell.



IN APRIL.

WHAT did the sparrows do yesterday ?
 Nobody knew but the sparrows ;
 He were too bold who should try to say ;
 They have forgotten it all to-day.

Why should it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that piques and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast ?

There's a maple-bud redder to-day ;
It will almost flower to-morrow ;
I could swear 'twas only yesterday
In a sheath of snow and ice it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way ;
Whose surely had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast ?

Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining, so tender ?
The old cry out ; and the children say,
With a laugh, aside : That's always the way
With the old, in spring ; as long as they stay,
They find in it greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast.

Then that may be why my thoughts all day —
I see I am old, by the token —
Are so haunted by sounds, now sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,

And the birds fly past,
 And the chimes ring fast,
 And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast.
 — *Helen Hunt Jackson.*



AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING.

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring ?
 In the spring ?
 An English apple orchard in the spring ?
 When the spreading trees are hoary
 With their wealth of promised glory,
 And the mavis sings its story.
 In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring ?
 In the spring ?
 And caught their subtle odors in the spring ?
 Pink buds pouting at the light,
 Crumpled petals baby white,
 Just to touch them a delight —
 In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
 In the spring?
 Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
 When the pink cascades are falling,
 And the silver brooklets brawling,
 And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
 In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
 In the spring,
 Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring,
 No sweet sight can I remember
 Half so precious, half so tender,
 As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring.

— *William Martin.*



MAY.

THEN came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around :
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride ;

The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
Lord ! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

— Edmund Spenser.

THE SISTER MONTHS.

WHEN April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten ;
Fresh violets open every day ;
To some new bird each hour we listen.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping ;
And every happy, growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers ;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own ;
The crocus cannot often kiss her ;
The snowdrop, ere she comes, has flown ;
The earliest violets always miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of Spring ;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs slender.

And Mayflowers bloom before May comes
 To cheer, a little, April's sadness ;
 The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
 And wind flowers wave in graceful gladness.

They are two sisters, side by side
 Sharing the changes of the weather,
 Playing at pretty seek-and-hide —
 So far apart, so close together !

April and May one moment meet, —
 But farewell sighs their greetings smother ;
 And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
 How May and April love each other.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

SONG: A MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads
 with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap
 throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early
 song.
 And welcome thee, and wish thee
 long.



— *John A.*

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

THERE'S a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,

In its desolate beauty more dear to me
Than all that bask in the noon tide beam
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream
Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring ;
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song ;
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it, in silence and shade, to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come,
And praise its beauty with drony hum ;
And children love, in the season of spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day
When the traveler goes along
When the sod is torn by
Where rivulets wash
When the floating
Rivals the tulip's bloom.

And the budding leaves of the birch trees throw
 A trembling shade on the turf below,
 When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
 And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,
 Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
 With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,
 Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
 Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,
 Peeping and peering among the trees
 As they scent its breath on the passing breeze ;
 Hunting about, among lichens gray,
 And the tangled masses beside the way,
 Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
 Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
 Round my heart of hearts, as in childhood's spring,
 And thy breath, as it floats on the wandering air,
 Wakes all the music of memory there.
 Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,
 I roved all day through the wood-walks wild,
 Seeking thy blossoms by banks and brae
 Wherever the snowdrifts had melted away.

—Sarah Helen Whitman.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth,
 Happy spring-time hath called them forth ;
 First faint promise of summer bloom
 Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
 Under the leaves.

Lift them ! what marvelous beauty lies
 Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes !
 Mayflowers, rosy or purest white,
 Lift their cups to the sudden light,
 Under the leaves.

— *Selected.*



MORNING.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill ;
 The air was cooling and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
 Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
 And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
 For not the faintest motion could be seen
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;
 Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them ;

And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

— John Keats.

THE THREE FLOWERS.

THERE bloom three young flowers so sweet and fair,
In Nature's wild, flourishing garden,
On mountains and hillsides, in forests and vales,
As if playing watcher and warden ;
Your beauties, sweet flowers, are rich and divine ;
They bloom in the field ; in the nosegay they shine.

The buttercup, first, all spring-time so bright,
Like glittering beads strung in order ;
Its blossoms like dewdrops, the daughters of night,
Gem the fields, and the green roadsides border ;
Wherever its clear yellow flowers you see,
Its honey-cup swells with the food of the bee.

The violet, next, in its liveliest blue,
In green, clasping leaflets half-covered,
The spring meadow fills with its fragrant perfume,
Where the redbreast, by morning light, hovered ;
The image of mildness and modesty, too,
Is the violet-flower, of heavenly hue.

And then, where the sparkling fountain gleams,
Beneath the noon sunlight so splendid,
The flower-de-luce, with its triple bell, smiles,
Till the days of the springtime are ended ;

'Tis sacred to friendship and sacred to love,
The emblem of union in heaven above.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

From "Poems of Home and Country."

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread ;
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapors lower,
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year ;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown ;
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the Torrid Zone,

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends, — with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk ! — that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To me the pledge of hope unseen :
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust ;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

— *James Montgomery.*

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair ;
Like the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odors sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
 As a Mænad, its moonlight-color'd cup,
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
 Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story ;
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heaven they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little Flower ! — I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;

Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

— *William Wordsworth.*

FLOWERS.

FIRST of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens ; the frail snowdrop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and melancholy star ;
The languid hyacinth and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty ;
The foxglove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music ; the Narcissus (named
From him who died for love) ; the tangled woodbines,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.

— *Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).*

A SECRET.



HAVE a secret to tell you,—
Though you may not believe it
is true,—
But a fairy whispered it to me,
And I will tell it to you.

When May wakes the grass
and the flowers,
And the birds build their nests and sing,
When the breeze blows soft, and the air
is sweet
With the fresh, warm breath of spring ;

The blossoms, down in the meadow,
In the gardens, and woods and the hills,
Are singing, too, with their playmates,
The birds, and the breezes and rills.

And I'll tell you what they are singing,
For I've heard them over and over,
When I've fallen asleep in the hayfields
'Mid the buttercups, daisies, and clover.

The Daisy nods, " Be cheerful ; "
" Have courage," Anemone sings,
" From the cold and snow of winter
The beauty of summer springs."

" Be patient," the Violet whispers ;
The Lily breathes, " Be pure ; "
" Be merry," cries Dandelion,
" 'Tis the very best thing, I'm sure."

The Rose, sweet, winsome teacher,
 Says softly, "Be true, be true ;"
 The Buttercup laughs, "Be happy ;"
 Says Clover, "Be useful too !"

"Come gather the riches of thought,"
 The Pansies beckon and call ;
 "Remember," Forget-me-not murmurs,
 "Remember us each and all."

And I think if you listen closely
 In the sweet glad days of spring,
 With the song of the brook, the breeze,
 and the birds,
 You can hear the flowers sing.

— *Helen Isabel Moorhouse.*



THE FIRST SWALLOW.

HE has come before the daffodils,
 The foolish and impatient bird ;
 The sunniest noon hath yet its chills,
 The cuckoo's voice not yet is heard,
 The lamb is shivering on the lea,
 The cowering lark forbears to sing, —
 And *he* has come across the sea
 To find a winter in the spring.

Oh ! he has left his mother's home ;
He thought there was a genial clime
Where happy birds might safely roam,
And he would seek that land in time.
Presumptuous one ! his elders knew
The danger of these fickle skies ;
Away the pleasure-seeker flew —
Nipp'd by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in Youth's first dreams
Whose year is one delicious May,
And Life, beneath the brightest beams,
Flows on a gladsome holiday ;
Rush to the world, unguided youth,
Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,
Its bitter scorn, — then turn to truth,
And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.

— *William Wordsworth.*

PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and beneath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw and leaves
Day after day she toiled
With patient art ; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.
She found the ruin wrought ;
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
 The last soft feather on its ample floor,
 When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
 And wrought the ruin o'er.
 But still her heart she kept,
 And toiled again ; and last night, hearing calls,
 I looked, and, lo ! three little swallows slept
 Within the earth-made walls.
 What truth is here, O man !
 Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn ?
 Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, truth, or plan ?
 Have faith, and struggle on !

—R. S. S. Andros.



FEATHERED NAME-SPEAKERS.

DO you see that bird on the apple-tree,
 As white with blossoms as it can be ?
 Ask her name and she'll sing to thee —
 She heard you and answers, " Phe-be, Phe-be ! "

Lo, here comes another ! What do you think ?
 Blithely he whistles from morn till night ;

Timid is he and seldom in sight ;
How sweetly he tells me his name — “ Bob White ! ”

Lo, there comes another ! Where do you think
This fellow stands to teeter and prink ?
On a clover top, where the cattle drink,
He chatters his own name, “ Bobolink ! ”

And now it is night and the world is still ;
Not a ray of sunshine gleams on the hill.
Another bird speaks in accents shrill,
Suddenly giving her name — “ Whip-poor-will.”

Who taught you, O birdies, to know so well
Those names you’re always quite ready to tell
With voices musical, clear as a bell ?
Alas ! we must bid each other farewell.

Again we shall meet, though you’ll go away :
Bobolink, Phebe, dear, sing while you stay,
And whistle, “ Bob White,” while they’re making the
hay ;
Winter will silence the music of May.

— *The Young Idea.*

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK, that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard’s shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children’s prattle,
Welcome to the north again !
Welcome to mine ear the strain,

Welcome to mine eyes the sight
Of thy buff, thy black, and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon ;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel ;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes ;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude ; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Bobolink ! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness ;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

— *Thomas Hill.*

THE KINGFISHER.

FOR the handsome Kingfisher, go not to the tree,
No bird of the field or the forest is he ;
In the dry river rock he did never abide,
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide.

He lives where the fresh, sparkling waters are flowing,
Where the tall heavy Typha and Loosestrife are growing ;
By the bright little streams that all joyfully run
Awhile in the shadow, and then in the sun.

He lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green mossy Hazel roots firmly entwined ;
Where the dark Alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the Sword-flag and Arrow-head grow at his door.

There busily, busily, all the day long,
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among ;
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish bone,
Deep, deep in the bank, far retired, and alone.

Then the brown Water-Rat from his burrow looks out,
To see what his neighbor Kingfisher's about ;

And the green Dragon-fly, flitting slowly away,
Just pauses one moment to bid him good-day.

O happy Kingfisher ! what care should he know,
By the clear, pleasant streams, as he skims to and fro,
Now lost in the shadow, now bright in the sheen
Of the hot summer sun, glancing scarlet and green !

— *Mary Howitt.*

GOLDFINCHES.

SOMETIMES goldfinches one by one will drop
From low hung branches ; little space they stop,
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek,
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak ;
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down.

— *John Keats*

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

EARLY on a pleasant day,
In the poet's month of May,
Field and forest looked so fair.
So refreshing was the air.
That, in spite of morning dew,
Forth I walked where tangling grew

Many a thorn and breezy bush ;
When the redbreast and the thrush
Gaily raised their early lay,
Thankful for returning day.

Every thicket, bush, and tree
Swelled the grateful harmony :
As it mildly swept along,
Echo seemed to catch the song ;
But the plain was wide and clear, —
Echo never whispered near.
From a neighboring mocking-bird
Came the answering notes I heard.

Soft and low the song began :
I scarcely caught it as it ran
Through the melancholy trill
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will, —
Through the ringdove's gentle wail,
Chattering jay and whistling quail,
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh ;
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,
Each his native note might mark.

Oft he tried the lesson o'er,
Each time louder than before ;
Burst at length the finished song, —
Loud and clear it poured along ;
All the choir in silence heard,
Hushed before this wondrous bird.
All transported and amazed,
Scarcely breathing, long I gazed.

Now it reached the loudest swell ;
 Lower, lower, now it fell, —
 Lower, lower, lower, still,
 Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.
 Now the warbler ceased to sing ;
 Then he spread his russet wing,
 And I saw him take his flight
 Other regions to delight.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake*



THE BEAVER.

UP in the north if thou sail with me,
 A wonderful creature I'll show to thee ;
 As gentle and mild as a lamb at play, —
 Skipping about in the month of May ;
 Yet wise as any old learned sage
 Who sits turning over a musty page !

Come down to the lonely river's bank,
 See driven-in stake and riven plank ;
 'Tis a mighty work before thee stands
 That would do no shame to human hands.
 A well-built dam to stem the tide
 Of this northern river so strong and wide ;

Look ! the woven bough of many a tree,
 And a wall of fairest masonry.
 The waters cannot o'erpass this bound,
 For a hundred keen eyes watch it round ;
 And the skill that raised can keep it good
 Against the peril of storm and flood.

And yonder the peaceable creatures dwell,
 Secure in their watery citadel !
 They know no sorrow, have done no sin ;
 Happy they live 'mong kith and kin, —
 As happy as living things can be,
 Each in the midst of his family !
 Ay, there they live, and the hunter wild
 Seeing their social nature mild,
 Seeing how they were kind and good,
 Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued ;
 And the very sight of their young at play
 Hath put his hunter's heart away ;
 And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept,
 As he thought of his own dear babes and wept.

— *Mary Howitt.*

GREEK MOTHER'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child ; no care can cumber
 Thy young heart, nor break thy slumber, —
 Love doth all thy moments number ;
 Let thy sleep
 Be sweet and deep !
 While thy mother's arms caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee !

Gentle zephyrs woo and kiss us,
Sweet with breath of dear Cephisus,
Soft with music of Ilissus.

Zephyr's wings
Are downy things.

While thy mother's lips caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Sleep, and see Olympus shining,—
Where the gods, in bliss reclining,
Know not pain nor mortal pining;

Heavenly beams
Shall light thy dreams.

While thy mother's hopes caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Rest, and in thy dreaming follow,—
Through the flow'ry glade and hollow,—
In the chase, with swift Apollo;

Ne'er so fleet
Are mortal feet.

While thy mother's smiles caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Dream, and see bright Eros springing
Through the air, his arrows flinging,—
Keenest joy and sorrow bringing.

Ah, his wings
Hide cruel stings!

While thy mother's tears caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Soft as summer breezes calling,
Light as summer roses falling,

Slumber woos to dear entralling.

Sweet and deep

My darling's sleep ;

Love and joy and hope caress thee !

Zeus will guard thee, Zeus will bless thee !

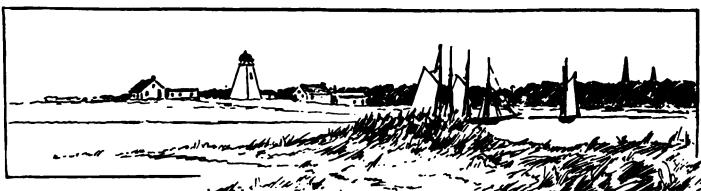
— “*A Doric Reed*”—*Zitella Cocke*.

HOMEWARD.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky ;
 The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
 The far peaks wait the sunrise ; cheerily
 The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold.
 My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
 Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes its flight ;
 The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand ;
 The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night ;
 The shadow deepens over sea and land ;
 Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come ;
 Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.

— *Selected*.



EVENING SONG.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the Sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a rope of crystal beads ;
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep ;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love

Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers
 On your eyelids! So, farewell!
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

— *John Fletcher.*



EVENING.

ONE star is trembling into sight,
 And soft as sleep the darkness falls,
 The wood-dove from the forest calls,
 The bat begins his wayward flight.

Streams, murmuring in the ear of night,
 Within the woody hollows wind,
 Whose dusky boughs are intertwined
 Above their music and their light.

The woodland range is dimly blue
 With smoke, that creeps from cots unseen,
 And briery hedge and meadow green
Put on their white night-robe of dew.

And every sound that breaks the calm
 Is like a lullaby to rest ;
 All is at peace — except the breast
 That needs the most its soothing balm.

— *Chambers's Journal.*

EVENING.

THE stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
 And nought is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged Katydid ;
 And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
 Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
 Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

— *Joseph Rodman Drake.*

THE EVENING CLOUD.

ACLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun ;
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
Even in its very motion there was rest ;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
—*John Wilson (Christopher North).*

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, thou moon, so pale and gray,
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or bellow ?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

POETRY OF SUMMER.

Henry LeRolle.



Poetry of Summer.

SUMMER.

THEN came jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, colored green,
That was unlined, all to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseene.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heaven, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim ;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

—*Joseph Addison.*

DAYBREAK.

DAY had awakened all things that be,
 The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
 And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
 And the matin bell and the mountain bee :
 Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
 Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
 Fled from the brains which are their prey,
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

MORNING.

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

—John Milton.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.



HEY come ! the merry summer months of
 beauty, song, and flowers ;
 They come ! the gladsome months that bring
 thick leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up, my heart ! and walk abroad ; fling
 care and care aside ;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
 glide ;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand ;
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and
 bland ;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously ;
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome
 thee ;
 And mark how with thine own thin locks — they now are
 silvery gray —
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, “ Be
 gay ! ”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody ;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like
red gold ;
And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they
hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this
earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler
mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from yonder wood
it came !
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad
name ; —
Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind ;
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again, — his notes are void of
art ;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of
the heart.

— *William Motherwell.*

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies ;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the sphere ;
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.

— *Andrew Marvell.*

PUCK AND THE FAIRY.

Puck. **H**OW now, spirit ! whither wander you ?
Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green ;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats, spots you see ;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors ;
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone :
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

— *William Shakespeare.*

“ *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*”

TO JUNE.



AY'S a word 'tis sweet to
hear,
Laughter of the budding
year;
Sweet it is to start, and
say
On May morning, "This is
May!"
But there also breathes a
tune,
Hear it,—in the sound of
"June."

June's a month, and June's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame.

Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer and a deepened tune
Of the bees, and of the birds,
And of loitering lovers' words,
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very color's tone
Russet now, and fervid grown;
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gypsy June.

—James Henry Leigh Hunt.

SUMMER.

THE Summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kissed the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
 The mountain-shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The waterlily to the light
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn ;
 The gray mist left the mountain side,
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;
 Invisible in fleckèd sky,
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

—Walter Scott

"Lady of the Lake."

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
 O'er the meadow swift we fly ;
 Now we sing, and now we mourn,
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep :
Mid the lily leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh ;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

— *George Darley.*



THE WEST WIND.

BENEATH the forest's skirts I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
Is not thy home among the flowers?
Do not the bright June roses blow,
To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—
Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
And yon free hill-tops o'er whose head
The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
To cool thee when the mid-day suns
Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love,
Spirit of the new-wakened year,—
The sun in his blue realm above
Smooths a bright path when thou art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade ;
On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
 Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

Ah ! thou art like our wayward race ;—
 When not a shade of pain or ill
Dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
 Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur still.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EAST WIND.

THE East Wind is coming, all moist with the spray,
 And the odor of brine, from the billows at play ;
The hot day is ending, and this puff from the sea
Is like a fond kiss of my mother for me.
Oh, day of midsummer ! how gracefully now
This breeze from the ocean steals over my brow !

I remember that only two brief months ago.
The East Wind seemed coming from icebergs and snow ;
So chill was its breath and so frigid its mien,
While May flaunted gayly her banners of green ;
But lo ! with the smile of our beautiful June,
Came its wooing embrace with the bobolink's tune ;
A herald of gladness, passing graciously by,
To temper the heat of our fervid July.

O much abused East Wind ! I will not again,
Methinks, of thy coming or presence complain ;
For lingering yet, as a boon from the skies,
Thou art blessing the couch where a sufferer lies ;

Giving strength to endure, and courage to bear,
His burden of pain, uncomplainingly there ;
A respite from anguish, while soothingly now
Thy breath from the ocean is fanning his brow.

—Henry S. Washburn.

TO A CLOUD.

BEAUTIFUL cloud ! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure quiet air !
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow,
Where, midst their labor, pause the reaper train,
As cool it comes along the grain.
Beautiful cloud ! I would I were with thee
In thy calm way o'er land and sea ;
To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
On Earth as on an open book ;
On streams that tie her realms with silver bands,
And the long ways that seam her lands,
And hear her humming cities and the sound
Of the great ocean breaking round.
Ay — I would sail, upon thy air-borne car,
To blooming regions distant far,
To where the sun of Andalusia shines
On his own olive groves and vines,
Or the soft lights of Italy's clear sky
In smiles upon her ruins lie.
But I would woo the winds to let us rest
O'er Greece, long fettered and oppressed,
Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
From the old battle-fields and tombs,

And risen, and drawn the sword, and on the foe
 Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
 And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
 Has touched its chains, and they are broke.
 Ay, we would linger, till the sunset there
 Should come to purple all the air,
 And thou reflect upon the sacred ground
 The ruddy radiance streaming round.
 Bright meteor ! for the summer noon tide made !
 Thy peerless beauty yet shall fade.
 The sun, that fills with light each glistening fold,
 Shall set, and leave thee dark and cold.
 The blast shall rend thy skirts, or thou may'st frown
 In the dark heaven when storms come down ;
 And weep in rain, till man's inquiring eye
 Miss thee, forever, from the sky.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE WIND AND THE SEA.

THE sea is a jovial comrade,
 He laughs wherever he goes ;
 His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose.
 He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore.
 In the mirth of the mighty sea !

But the wind is sad and restless,
 And cursed with an inward pain ;
 You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.

He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea ;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best,
The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain.

— *Bayard Taylor.*

BEFORE THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay on the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er — How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky !

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;
The wind flows cool, the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below a while,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth — from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature — yet the same —
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

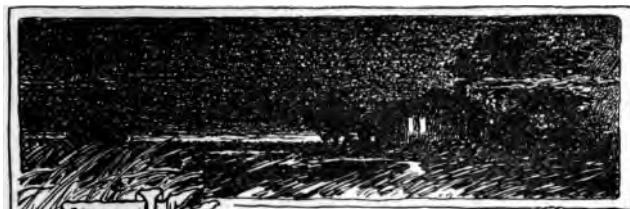
Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above,

She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence ; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

— *Andrews Norton.*

SUMMER STORM.



THE woods grew dark, as though they
knew no noon ;
The thunder growled among the dark
brown hills ;
And the thin, wasted, shining summer rills
Grew joyful with the coming of the rain ;
And doubtfully was shifting every vane
On the town spires, with changing gusts of wind ;
Till came the storm-blast, furious and blind,
'Twixt gorges of the mountains, and drove back
The light sea breeze ; then waxed the heavens black,
Until the lightning leapt from cloud to cloud,
With clattering thunder, and the piled-up crowd
Began to turn from steely blue to gray,
And toward the sea the thunder drew away,

Leaving the north wind blowing steadily
The rain-clouds from Olympus ; while the sea
Seemed mingled with the low clouds and the rain ;
And one might think that never now again
The sunny grass would make a pleasant bed
For tired limbs.

— *William Morris.*

AFTER THE SUMMER STORM.

FAR off, among the norland hills,
The distant thunders rolled,
Soft rain clouds dipped their fringes down
Across the evening gold.
Heaven's stormy dome was rent, and high
Above me shone the summer sky ;
Ever more serene it grew,
Fading off into the blue,
Till the boundless hyaline
Seemed melting into depths divine,
And the angels came and went
Through the opening firmament.
In all the glooming hollows lay
A light more beautiful than day ;
All the blossom bells waved slowly
In the evening's golden calm,
And the hum of distant voices
Sounding like a vesper psalm.

Till, dimly seen, through day's departing bloom,
The far-off lamps of heaven began to fling
Their trembling beams athwart the dewy gloom,

As evening, on the horizon's airy ring,
Winnowing the darkness with her silver wing,
Descended like an angel, calm and still.

— *Sarah Helen Whitman.*

THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY.

THE sky was dark and gloomy ;
We heard the sound of rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves,
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea-fowl hovered
Above the boiling main,
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings.
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo ! from the western heaven
The veil was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
 To Islands of the Blest,
 And the far-off sail like a spirit
 Seemed vanishing into rest.

"The Hawthorn Tree." — *Nathan Haskell Dole.*

THE BROOKLET.

A LITTLE farther on, there is a brook
 Where the breeze lingers idly
 The high trees
 Have roof'd it with their crowding
 limbs and leaves,
 So that the sun drinks not from
 its sweet fount,
 And the shade cools it. You may
 hear it now,
 A low, faint beating, as, upon the
 leaves
 That lie beneath its rapids, it de-
 scends
 In a fine, showery rain, that keeps
 one tune,
 And 'tis a sweet one, still of con-
 stancy.
 Beside its banks, through the whole
 livelong day,—

Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
 And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
 Nor cared to know him better,— I have lain.

— *William Gilmore Simms.*



THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

DOWN from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street ;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come ?
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet !
I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go ?
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet !
I go to the river there below,
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go ?
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet !
I go to the garden in the vale,
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go ?
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet !
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink
And whenever she looks therein
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

MINNOWS.

HOW silent comes the water round that bend ;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows ; blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass, —
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live.

—John Keats.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.

A FEW months ago
I was singing through the snow !
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the
land !

And the memories are lost
Of the winter fog and frost,
In the presence of the summer with her full and
glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And my lady-fern is bending to kiss my rainbow
foam ;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-
eyed squirrel's home.

Oh, the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers
around !
I no longer sing alone,
Through a chill pervading moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of
summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred
Ere the south wind's whisper heard
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary
winter days,
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the summer-time was sure,
When the lonely songs are gathered in a mighty
choir of praise.

— *Frances Ridley Havergal*



GREEN
RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink

Had given their stain to the waves they drink,
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters,—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,

And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee are lonely, lovely, and still ;
Lonely — save when by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or, haply, some idle dreamer like me
To wander and muse, and gaze on thee ;
Still — save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur of fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,

And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream, --
For in thy lonely and lovely stream,
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,

And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along the pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning break,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

—*James Gates Percival.*

SURF.

SPLENDORS of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land,—
Far-away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand.
Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,
Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,

Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful sea !

Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
Lashed by the wanton winds leagues from the shore,
Each, driven fast by its follower, urges
Fearlessly those that are fleeting before ;
How they leap over the ridges we walk on,
Flinging us gifts from the depths of the sea, —
Silvery fish for the foam-haunting falcon,
Palm-weed and pearls for my darling and me !

Light falls her foot where the rift follows after,
Finer her hair than your feathery spray,
Sweeter her voice than your infinite laughter, —
Hist ! ye wild coursers, list to my lay !
Deep in the chambers of grottoes auroral
Morn leaves her jewels and bends her bright knee ;
Thence to my dear one your amber and coral
Bring for her dowry, O beautiful sea !

— Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I ;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong ;
He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

— *Celia Leighton Thaxter.*



THE SEA.

TH E sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round ;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune.
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest blasts do blow !

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life ;
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

— *Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).*

A DAY IN JUNE.

O FIELDS in June's fair verdure drest,
And vocal now with birds and bees !
A toiler from the world's highways
I turn, with willing feet, to these,
Inhaling here the morning breeze.

The air is moist with last night's rain,
Through op'ning clouds the sun appears,

The robin, earliest of the train
The plow-boy at his window hears,
Repeats the song of other years.

I tread with lighter steps anew
The pathways of my boyhood's morn ;
The sky o'erhead is just as blue,
And just as green the springing corn,
And sweet the scent of thyme and thorn.

No care then rankled in my breast ;
No sorrow on my spirit fell ;
The cool green sward my bare feet prest,
The lowing herds they knew me well,
And I, the daisy in the dell.

The squirrel had his hiding-place,
And I had mine beside the brook ;
He gathered nuts from day to day,
Whilst I a constant lesson took
From him, and nature's wondrous book.

O fair green fields and summer skies !
O visions of long time ago !
O well-remembered haunts, and chimes
Which from perennial fountains flow !
Glad voices from the vales below.

Here let me bathe my weary brow
In this delicious air of day ;
All laden as it cometh now
With fragrance from the new-mown hay,
The blackbird's and the robin's lay.

The busy world will not intrude,
 Nor Mammon his proud altar rear ;
 Alone, within this breezy wood,
 Where the Almighty doth appear,
 I'll pay my heart's deep homage here !

—Henry Stevenson Washburn

From "A Vacant Chair and Other Poems."

A VIOLET BANK.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows :
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

—William Shakespeare

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—
 That spirit to whose charge 't is given
 To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The angel whispered to the rose :
 “O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.”
 “Then,” said the rose, with deepened glow,
 “On me another grace bestow.”
 The spirit paused, in silent thought,
 What grace was there that flower had not ?

'Twas but a moment, — o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

— *From the German of Krummacher.*

JULY.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

— *Susan Hartley Swett.*



A SUMMER LONGING.

I MUST away to wooded hills and vales,
 Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently,
 And idle barges flap their listless sails ;
 For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
 And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
 Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree ;
 I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds ;
 And Nature's voices say in mystic words,
 "The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands where the primrose shines,
 And waves her yellow lamps above the lea ;
 Of tangled copses swung with trailing vines ;
 Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
 Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
 May lie and listen to the distant sea,
 Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
 Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,
 In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
 The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,
 While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
 While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
 And green fields wait for me.

— *George Arnold.*

IN THE COUNTRY.

TO one who has been long in city pent
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel, an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
 Even like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

— *John Keats.*

THE FOREST.

I LOVE the forest ; I could dwell among
 That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
 In nobly ordered form, as to my view
Rose the succession of that lofty throng :—

The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
 Form'd by the slow decay of num'rous years,—
 The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,
 Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—
 The chirp and flutter of some single bird,
 The rustle in the brake, — what precious store
 Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferr'd?
 And then at times to send one's own voice out,
 In the full frolic of one startling shout,
 Only to feel the after stillness more!

— *Richard Monckton Milnes.*

TO AN ELM.

BRAVELY thy old arms fling
 Their countless pennons to the fields of air,
 And, like a sylvan king,
 Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,
 Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,
 With limbs of giant mold,
 To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In Nature's mighty fane,
 Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;
 How long the pilgrim train
 That with a benison have passed thee by!

Lone patriarch of the wood!
 Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,
 Of fresh and dauntless mood,
 Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well,
And when the summer-days his notes prolong,
Hid in some leafy cell,
Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song.

The sunset often weaves
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendors rare,
While the fresh murmuring leaves
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free ;
Gay youth and age serene
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

With blessings at thy feet,
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest ;
Thy verdant, calm retreat
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

— *Henry T. Tuckerman.*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand —
Thy ax shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And wouldest thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

— *George P. Morris*

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well ;
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine ; the range of lawn and park
The unnetted blackhearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

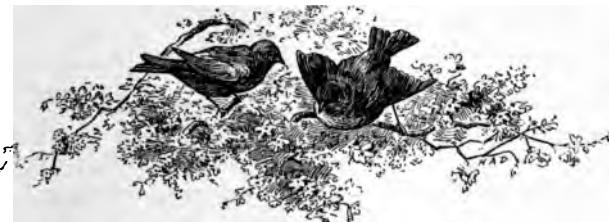
Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that cold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry ;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young ;

And in the sultry garden squares,
Now thy flute notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning ! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

— Alfred Tennyson.



BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon;
That open to the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
“Come up! come up!” they seem to say,
Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

“Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air.”
And the birds below give back the cry,
“We come, we come to the branches high.”

How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree !
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below !

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdened some fairy region old !
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

— *Mary Howitt.*

THE SONGSTERS.

UP springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.

The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove ;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Poured out profusely, silent ; joined to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert ; while the stockdove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.
 'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts of pleas-
 ing teaches.

—James Thomson.



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite,
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn-top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :

“ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“ As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the selfsame Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern,—
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
 Who studiously make peace their aim,—
 Peace, both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

— *William Cowper.*



TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

VOYAGER on golden air,
 Type of all that's fleet and fair,
 Incarnate gem,
 Live diadem,
 Bird-beam of the summer day,—
 Whither on your sunny way?

Loveliest of all lovely things,
 Roses open to your wings ;
 Each gentle breast
 Would give you rest ;
 Stay, forget lost Paradise,
 Star-bird, fallen from happy skies.

Vanished ! Earth is not his home ;
Onward, onward, must he roam,
Swift passion-thought,
In rapture wrought,
Issue of the soul's desire,
Plumed with beauty and with fire.

—John Vance Cheney.

JULY.

LOUD is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute ;
Even the brook that leaps along,
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep ;

The cricket on its bank is dumb ;
The very flies forget to hum ;
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now ;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still ;

The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade ;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveler, glad to rest
On pillow'd clouds of many hues,
Then Nature's voice its joy renews.

And chequered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine ;
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

—John Clare.

VACATION SONG.

I HAVE closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars ;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,
And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as they
 pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My schoolbell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O, come! O, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west
The school of Nature I love the best.

— *Katharine Lee Bates.*



IN MIDSUMMER.

TIS sweet to linger in the mellow grass
Beside the margin of a lisping stream
And watch the clouds in white flotillas pass,
While Nature slumbers in a fragrant dream ;
To list the robin's song so soft and sweet,
Like ripples of an Eden interlude,
Float down cool woodland avenues replete
With benisons of drowsy solitude ;
To note the fingers of the lazy breeze
Play symphonies upon the languid ferns
And on the bearded wheat wake mimic seas.
With bliss the idle dreamer dizzy turns,
And thinks, as kine-bells tinkle on his ear,
Keats' melodious spirit wanders near.

—Richard Kendall Munkittrick.



MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays !
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of Cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail ;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits ;
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum ;
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house ;
The oriole flashes by ; and, look !
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace ! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read :
A dear Companion here abides ;

Close to my thrilling heart He hides :
 The holy silence is His voice :
 I lie and listen, and rejoice.

—John Townsend Trowbridge.

A SUMMER'S DAY.



B LACK bees on the clover-heads drowsily
 clinging,
 Where tall, feathered grasses and butter-
 cups sway ;
 And all through the fields a white
 sprinkle of daisies,
 Open-eyed at the setting of day.

O, the heaps of sweet roses, sweet cinnamon
 roses,
 In great crimson thickets that cover the wall ;
 And flocks of bright butterflies giddy to see them,
 And a sunny blue sky over all.

Trailing boughs of the elms drooping over the hedges,
 Where spiders their glimmering laces have spun ;
 And breezes that bend the light tops of the willows
 And down through the meadow-grass run.

Silver-brown little birds sitting close in the branches,
 And yellow wings flashing from hillock to tree,
 And wide-wheeling swallows that dip to the marshes,
 And bobolinks crazy with glee, —

So crazy, they soar through the glow of the sunset,
 And warble their merriest notes as they fly,
 Nor heed how the moths hover low in the hollows
 And the dew gathers soft in the sky.

Then a round, beaming moon o'er the blossomed hill
 coming,
 Making paler the fields and the shadows more deep ;
 And through the wide meadows a murmurous humming
 Of insects too happy to sleep.

Enchanted I sit on the bank by the willow,
 And trill the last snatch of a rollicking tune ;
 And since all this loveliness cannot be Heaven,
 I know in my heart it is June.

— *Abba Goold Woolson.*

WILD ROSES.

ON long, serene midsummer days,
 Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
 How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
 In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
 Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold
 Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold !

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
 On lawns where gleams the shrubs' trim bosk ;
 In terraced gardens, tended well,
 Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk,
 In costliest urns their colors rest ;
 They beam on beauty's fragrant breast.

But you in lonely calm abide,
 Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee ;
 You know what splendor, pomp, and pride
 Full oft your brilliant sisters see ;
 What sorrow, too, and bitter fears,
 What mad farewells and hopeless tears !

How some are kept in old, dear books,
 That once in bridal wreaths were worn ;
 How some are kissed, with tender looks,
 And later tossed aside with scorn ;
 How some their spotless petals lay
 On icy foreheads pale as they !

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
 A-bloom in many a lonesome spot,
 Shy roadside roses, may you bless
 The fate that rules your modest lot,
 Like rustic maids that meekly stand
 Below the ladies of the land !

— *Edgar Fawcett.*

JACQUEMINOT ROSES.

GREAT, glowing blossoms, holding in their hearts
 The garnered sweetness of unnumbered Junes,
 The noon tide's rapture and the stilly moon's
 Cool touch of love, that vague desire imparts.

Rose of the far Damascen gardens rare,
 Flower of the Orient's passion-hearted clime ;
 In colder lands, defying change and time,
 Its odorous magic thrills the alien air.

A magic born where Bagdad's marbles tower,
 And mighty Tigris murmurs to the sea ;
 The petals hold sad Sa'di's mystery,
 And Hafiz' song, and veiled Khorassan's power.

The ruby leaves, with shadows velvet-deep,
 Cling to each other with a soft caress,
 Now curve apart, and now together press,
 Like dewy lips that tremble in their sleep.

And whoso bends above their fragrant breath
 Swift in his soul delicious visions rise ;
 The gleam of stars, the light of tender eyes,
 And faith secure, and love more strong than death.

— *Ednah Proctor Clarke.*

MORNING IN AUGUST.

FRAGRANT odor of the dawn,
 Sweet incense to waking souls,
 While the fresh dew spreads the lawn,
 And your spirit day controls,
 Let me, underneath this tree
 Standing, be possessed of thee.

See the robin in a dream
 Poising on a grassy bank ;
 Hear, beneath, the singing stream,
 In a meadow dewy-dank ;
 See the mother-pearly tips
 Of the pink-white sorrel's lips.

Now adown the hilly slope,
 Like a father, steps the sun,
 And the pretty blossoms ope
 Wide their eyelids, one by one ;
 And they seem to stir and say
 Lisp'd prayers unto the day.

He who sleeps at dawn is dead
 To more wonders than he knows ;
 Let me forth and early tread
 Where the sunlit water flows,
 Where the elm at dewy dawn
 Flings his shadow down the lawn.

Let me feel, and yet be still ;
 Let me take, and yet not give ;
 Drink, till I have drunk my fill ;
 Then anew go forth and live.
 Man has little honeyed pleasure
 Unmixed in his manhood's measure.

— *James Herbert Morse.*

AUGUST.

THIE sixth was August, being rich arrayed
 In garment all of gold down to the ground ;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
 Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
 With ears of corn, and full her hand was found :
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound.

— *Edmund Spenser.*

EARLY GOLDENROD.

IN the first drowsy heat of August noon,
Ere yet the pastures are embrowned and dry,
Or yet the swallow breathes her parting sigh,
Under the red sun and the crimson moon,
Greeting us all too soon,

Comes the plumed goldenrod with flaunting train,
And lifts her yellow head along the way
Where sweet wild roses bloomed but yesterday,
And foamy daisies nodded in disdain
At July sun and rain.

With thy approach the year seems waxing late,
And yet its ripest fullness is not come;
Far off we scarce can hear the "Harvest Home,"
The apple-pickers loiter at the gate,
Well-pleased with maids to wait.

When I the sunshine of thy bloom behold,
And pluck and bear thee home with fond caress,
I am the richer for thy lavishness.
Thy Midas touch hath turned the land to gold
For me to have and hold.

— *Abbie Frances Judd.*

AUGUST.

THE yellow goldenrod is dressed
In gala-day attire;
The glowing redweed by the fence
Shines like a crimson fire;

And from the hot field's farthest edge
The cricket's soft refrain
With mellow accent tells the tale
That August's here again.

In shining blue the aster wild
Unfolds her petals fair ;
The clematis, upreaching, seeks
To clasp and kiss the air ;
The brilliant poppy flaunts her head
Amidst the ripening grain,
And adds her voice to swell the song
That August's here again.

The dusty thistle by the road
Scatters a silvery spray ;
The sun pours down his scorching beams
Upon the fainting day ;
The blackberry vine bends with its weight
Of fruit down in the lane,
And adds its testimony, too,
That August's here again.

The wild hop, from the young elm's bough,
Sways on the languid breeze,
And here and there the autumn tints
Gleam faintly through the trees.
All Nature helps to swell the song
And chant the same refrain ;
July and June have slipped away
And August's here again.

- *Helen Maria Winslow.*

IN SUMMER-TIME.

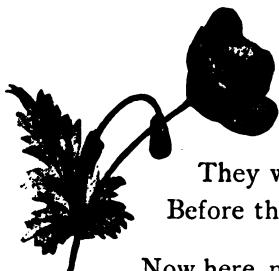
A GOLDEN glory lies along the hills,
A few light cirri float across the blue
Of the far sky. In leafy coverts, thrills
Of bird songs waken, but the notes are few.
The bees hum lazily, though flowers are sweet,
And ripened fruits blush with a tinge of red,
And drowsily the cattle move and eat,
With eager, buzzing flies about each head ;
And the hot sun is now in its full prime,
For it is summer-time.

Silently through the meadows flows the stream,
Flashing but murmurless ; not as in spring,
When rich in music it sent out a gleam
Of silver, where 'mong rocks, its eddying ring
Made mimic whirlpools. Slowly waves the corn,
And slowly swing the scythes along the field,
Where weary workers wait the dinner hour,
That noon tide rest to tired arms will yield ;
And low the locust sings his droning chime,
In the ripe summer-time.

High overhead the bright sun holds his way ;
His lucent rays glow in the mellow peach,
The apples catch his fire at close of day ;
Pears, berries, flowers, — he gives rich strength to each ;
And though so hot he is, his fiery beams
Make the grapes purple grow along the wall.
In ripened yellow now the grain field gleams,
And swallows sharply to each other call :
And weirdly sounds the whippoorwill's wild rhyme,
These nights of summer-time.

— *Thomas Stephens Collier.*

ONE DAY.



BRIGHT scarlet poppies growing in the wheat :
The breeze blows over them and to and fro

They wave, like banners hastening in retreat
Before the whelming fury of the foe.

Now here, now there, one sinks to rise no more ;
The lance-like grain bows over them, and then
High overhead the noiseless swallows soar
In graceful curves, and drop to earth again.

A brook that chants in ceaseless monotone
Flows through the field, a limpid streak of brown ;
White foam-flakes capping it are lightly blown
Along the surface as it hurries down.

Small summer insects chirp amid the blades
That rattle with a sharp metallic sound,
And clover, like a group of modest maids,
Empurples yonder patch of meadow-ground.

Once, starting from his thicket in the grass,
A lark flies forward, singing as he goes ;
Soft clouds make shifting shadows as they pass ;
The woodland echoes to the cry of crows.

And over all there comes a sudden stir ;
The gentle summer secrets float away ;
It is the wind, fleet autumn's courier,
Sending a shudder through the peaceful day.

—James Berry Bensel.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

EAGLE of flowers ! I see thee stand,
 And on the sun's noon-glory gaze ;
 With eye like his, thy lids expand,
 And fringe their disk with golden rays ;
 Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
 Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
 Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
 Beyond the path where planets run,
 The light of immortality,
 The splendor of creation's sun ;
 Though sprung from earth, and hastening to the tomb,
 In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
 I look to heaven.

—James Montgomery.

TIGER-LILIES.

I LIKE not lady-slippers,
 Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
 Nor yet the flaky roses,
 Red, or white as snow ;
 I like the chaliced lilies,
 The heavy Eastern lilies,
 The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
 That in our garden grow !

For they are tall and slender ;
 Their mouths are dashed with carmine,
 And when the wind sweeps by them,

On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful,—
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks !

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,—
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

THE TOADSTOOL.

THREE'S a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower ;
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside ;
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toadstool care ?

She does not glow in a painted vest,
And she never blooms on the maiden's breast ;
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,
In a modest suit of a Quaker hue.

And, when the stars in the evening skies
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

O there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance ;
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin ;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
And, if you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,
In the shade of her velvet diadem ;
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame ;
He sings at her feet through the livelong night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light ;
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

DIE HERZ BLUME.

THREE grew a little flower once,
That blossomed in a day,
And some said it would ever bloom,
And some 'twould fade away ;
And some said it was Happiness,
And some said it was Spring,

And some said it was Grief and Tears,
 And many such a thing ;
 But still the little flower bloom'd,
 And still it lived and throve,
 And men do it call " Summer Growth,"
 But angels call it " Love ! "

— *Thomas Hood.*

IN AUGUST.



LL the long August afternoon,
 The little drowsy stream
 Whispers a melancholy tune,
 As if it dreamed of June,
 And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
 Dust on their down and bloom,
 And out of many a weed-grown nook
 The aster flowers look
 With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
 With smell of ripening fruit.
 Through the sere grass, in shy retreat
 Flutter, at coming feet,
 The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
 The harsh leaves overhead ;
 Only the querulous cricket grieves,
 And shrilling locust weaves
 A song of summer dead.

— *William Dean Howells.*

THE BUTTERFLY'S REVENGE.

AN ugly caterpillar once uplooking
To a humming-bird, in gorgeous colors gleaming,
Thus said to him, her furry throat upcrooking :
“ Despise me not though painful now my seeming
In shape and guise and movement of each feature,
And thou art such a bright, celestial creature.”

The rainbow birdling scorned to make replying,
And gave the wretched insect's love its dooming ;
In grief and birth the poor grub writhed as dying,
And soon a butterfly, in splendors blooming,
Uprose from out the slough the proud one hated,
In dazzling hues, with wings of wonder mated.

The humming-bird, unconscious of this changing,
Above a bush of roses red was hovering,
When lo ! appeared our gay one in her ranging.
The hummer, smit with love, himself recovering,
Began to sigh a sweet and melting ditty,
And pleaded first for love, and then for pity.

The butterfly said : “ Vain thy suit and urging ;
For I remember well, though thou forgettest,
That when from lowliness I was emerging,
Thou spurnedst her on whom now thy heart thou settest.
By thee, when low and homely, I was scornèd ;
Now thee I scorn, with magic charms adornèd.”

— *Oriental Poetry, arranged by William Rounceville Alger.*



HIDDEN SWEETS.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day long
 The field, the woodland, and the gar-
 den o'er,
 To gather in his fragrant winter store,
 Humming in calm content his quiet song,
 Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
 The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
 But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
 The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
 Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
 Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
 In all the varied human flowers we meet,
 In the wide garden of humanity,
 And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
 Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

—Anne Charlotte Lynch Botta.

THE BEES.

SO work the honey bees ;
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and offices of sorts ;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at
 home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent royal of their emperor,
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate :
 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy, yawning drone.

— *William Shakespeare.*

"Henry V."

THE GRASSHOPPER.



VOICE of the summer wind,
 Joy of the summer plain,
 Life of the summer hours,
 Carol clearly, bound along.
 No Tithon thou as poets feign
 (Shame fall 'em they are deaf
 and blind),
 But an insect lithe and strong,
 Bowing the seeded summer
 flowers,
 Prove their falsehood and thy
 quarrel,
 Vaulting on thine airy feet.

Clap thy shielded sides and carol,
 Carol clearly, chirrup sweet,
 Thou art a mailèd warrior, in youth and strength
 complete ;

Armed cap-a-pie
Full fair to see ;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier,
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
The Bayard of the meadow.

I would dwell with thee,
Merry grasshopper,
Thou art so glad and free,
And as light as air ;
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,
Thou hast no compt of years,
No withered immortality,
But a short youth sunny and free.
Carol clearly, bound along,
Soon thy joy is over,
A summer of loud song,
And slumbers in the clover.
What hast thou to do with evil
In thine hour of love and revel,
In thy heat of summer pride,
Pushing the thick roots aside
Of the singing flowerèd grasses,
That brush thee with their silken tresses ?
What hast thou to do with evil,
Shooting, singing, ever springing
In and out the emerald glooms,
Ever leaping, ever singing,
Lighting on the golden blooms ?

— Alfred Tennyson.

THE BOSTON GRASSHOPPER.

THE sky is blue; the sea is bright; the sunny day is long;

I swing upon my lofty perch, and sing my summer song.
The changing crowds upon the street are rushing to and fro;

They see no sky, no sea, nor sun; their thoughts are all below.

They form a surging sea that beats against the ancient Hall;

Its waves hear not the voices that once shook the fortress wall;

But in the silent summer night the surges are asleep;
'Tis then the solemn sounds of old come up the stairway steep.

My cousins from the flowery fields that in the country lie,
All say, " You are a vane, vain thing, a creature lifted high.

You feel yourself above us all, as everybody knows,
You're praised so much your head is turned with every wind that blows.

You rest on Faneuil Hall, and think you're true and bold;
You're nothing but a copperhead, although you seem pure gold.

You turn around and look around, on sea and then on shore,

No wonder you're a vain, vain thing; you're stuffed with Boston lore."

My country cousins, think a while ; a hundred years ago,
And forty more, I sat up here, and watched the streets
below.

It was a little country town ; a narrow piece of land ;
The swelling sea came close each day and broke on either
hand.

Through all the changing century I've seen the city grow ;
The sea went out ; the sands came in ; the hills were
leveled low.

The cows upon the Common and the gardens in the town,
Long years ago were banished far with all the 'hoppers
brown.

I've seen a giant marching on, and Progress is his name ;
And Peril oft has ridden fast with fight and flood and
flame.

And Peace has sung her sweetest songs, and Pride has
smiled to see

Prosperity shed o'er the town her blessings full and free.

I've heard heroic hearts send out, in peril and in peace,
Their thunders o'er the sea of thought, whose waves shall
never cease ;

The echoes of the eloquence, the stirrings of the soul,
Are heard afar from sea to sea, and felt from pole to pole.

What wonder then if I am vain ! on Faneuil Hall I rest ;
The North Wind and the South Wind too, the East Wind
and the West,

Have sung me songs of fairer lands, but I forget them all ;
I am content to ever stay on famous Faneuil Hall.

— *Lucinda J. Gregg.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
 Carries his house with him where'er he goes ;
 Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
 Retreats to his small domicile again.
 Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
 He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
 He's his own landlord, his own tenant ; stay
 Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
 Himself he boards and lodges ; both invites
 And feasts himself ; sleeps with himself o'er nights.
 He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
 Chattels ; himself is his own furniture,
 And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam, —
 Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

— *Charles Lamb*



LULLABY.

BIRDS in their nests are softly calling,
 The dew is falling, the day is done.
 Over the hill come night winds creeping,
 To lull thy sleeping, my little one.
 Far in the sky gleams the golden crescent,
 With motion incessant she swings on high —
 A golden hammock for angels swinging,
 While softly singing a lullaby.
 Then swing slow, sing low,
 Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep ;
 Breathe low, breezes blow —
 Zephyrs that bring on drowsy wing
 Sweet sleep.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire,
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop's sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each clift a narrow bower ;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

—Walter Scott.

"Lady of the Lake."

DAYS GONE BY.

OH, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone by !
 The apple in the orchard, and the pathway through
 the rye ;
 The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail,
 As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale ;

When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in
the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle's tangles, where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripple of the river lipped the moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's way-
ward cry,

And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone by !
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye ;
The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring,
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything ;
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by.

*From "Poems of Childhood."
Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY.

GOOD-BY, sweet day, good-by !
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee.
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee ;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away.
Good-by, sweet day !

Good-by, sweet day, good-by !
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor ;
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray ;
Good-by, sweet day !

Good-by, sweet day, good-by !
 Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances,
 Vanish at last, and solemn night advances ;
 Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay ?
 Good-by, sweet day !

Good-by, sweet day, good-by !
 All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
 The while I watch thy sunset's smoldering embers
 Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
 Good-by, sweet day !

— *Celia Leighton Thaxter.*

WHIPPOORWILL.

THE western sky blazed through the trees,
 And in the east the dove-light shone ;
 Low fields of clover to the breeze
 Gave out a fragrant monotone ;
 While sharp-voiced, whirring things beyond
 Sent a faint treble through the air,
 And discords of the hidden pond
 Pulsed like an anthem, deep and rare.
 Yet all the twilight range seemed still,
 The tumult was so subtle-sweet ;
 When forth it burst,— clear, slow, complete,
 The evening call of
 “ Whip-poor-will ! ”

The yarrow, crowding by the hedge,
 Stirred not its speckled, uncertain white ;
The
 * light ;

For now the throbbing air was mute,
 Since the wild note had pierced it through,—
 That call so clear, so resolute,
 So tender, dominant, and true.
 When suddenly, across the hill,—
 Long, low, and sweet, with dreamy fall,
 Yet true and mellow, call for call,
 Elate, and with a human thrill,—
 Came the far answer :

“Whip-poor-will !”

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

From “Along The Way,” Copyright, 1879, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE KING OF THE NIGHT.



IN the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
 The spectral owl doth dwell ;
 Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
 But at dusk he's abroad and well !
 Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him,—
 All mock him outright by day ;
 But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
 The boldest will shrink away.
 Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
 Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
 And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
 And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold
 She awaiteth her ghastly groom ;
 Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still ;

But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
 She hoots out her welcome shrill!
 Oh, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
 Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight !
 The owl hath his share of good ;
 If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
 He is lord in the dark greenwood.
 Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate ;
 They are each unto each a pride ;
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
 Hath rent them from all beside.
 So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
 Sing ho ! for the reign of the hornèd owl !

We know not alway
 Who are kings of day ;
 But the king of the night is the bold, brown owl !
 — *Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).*

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
 As lightly and as free ;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand on the sea ;
 For every wave, with dimpled face,
 That leaped upon the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace,
 And held it trembling there.

— *Julia B. Welby.*

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits ; — on the French coast the light
 Gleams and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window ; sweet is the night-air !
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen ! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

— *Matthew Arnold.*

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

TIS the middle watch of a summer's night—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright ;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light, on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cro'nest ;
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw,
 In a silver cone, on the wave below.
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,

And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark —
 Like starry twinkles that momently break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam,
 In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shely rock is hid,
 And naught is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katydid,
 And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
 Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
 Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke,
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry elf
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
 ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell) —
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !
 H——her wing your way !
 v day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
 Some from the humbird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour ;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed,
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

— *Joseph Rodman Drake.*

FIREFLIES.

TO-NIGHT I watch the fireflies rise,
 And shine along the air ;
They float beneath the starry skies,
 As mystical and fair,
Over the hedge where dimly glows
The deep gold of the Persian rose.

I watch the fireflies drift and float ;
 Each in a dreamy flame,
Star-colored each, a starry mote,
 Like stars not all the same ;

But whiter some, or faintly green,
Or warmest blue was ever seen.

They cross and cross and disappear,
And then again they glow ;
Still drifting faintly there and here,
Still crossing to and fro,
As though in all their wandering
They wove a wide and shining thing.

— *Agnes Mary Robinson.*

CRADLE SONG.



THERE'S a baby moon rock-
ing far up in the sky,
And the night-wind is blowing
a soft lullaby ;
And down, away down, in a
mossy-lined nest,
Are five little birdies 'neath
mother's warm breast.
O hushaby, little one, sleep !

Enfolded in arms that a loving
hold keep,
Another wee baby is rocking
to sleep,

A soft golden head presses close to my heart,
And darkly fringed eyelids just drowsily part.
O hushaby, little one, sleep !

The tiny star candles are lighting the way
For ~~birdies~~ and elves that to Sleepy Town stray.

But my baby's stars are his mother's brown eyes,
 That love-light his path as to dreamland he hies.
 O hushaby, little one, sleep !

The silver moon-baby sinks low in the west,
 The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest,
 And, swinging and swaying, with eyes closing fast,
 My little one crosses the border at last.

O hush thee, my little one sleeps !

— *Pauline Frances Camp.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
 The shadows o'er the landscape creep ;
 A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
 And nature folds her arms to sleep :
 Good-night — good-night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din —
 The noisy robin sings no more —
 The crow, his mountain haunt within,
 Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar :
 Good-night — good-night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale ;
 The dew is falling soft and still ;
 The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
 And silence broods o'er yonder mill :
 Good-night — good-night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
 Bends on its stem all rayless now,

And by its side the lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow :
 Good-night — good-night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing —
The fox his guilty vigils keep —
The boding owl his dirges sing ;
But love and innocence will sleep :
 Good-night — good-night !

— *George Hill.*

MIDNIGHT.

THE moon shines white and silent
 On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
 O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
 Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
 Makes all things mysteries,
And lures the earth's dumb spirit
 Up to the longing skies, —
I seem to hear dim whispers,
 And tremulous replies.

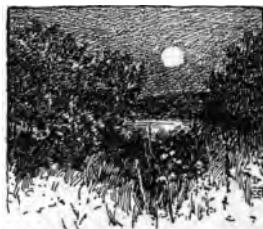
The fireflies o'er the meadow
 In pulses come and go ;
The elm-trees' heavy shadow
 Weighs on the grass below ;
And faintly from the distance
 The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,
The very bushes swell,
And take wild shapes and motions,
As if beneath a spell,—
They seem not the same lilacs
From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall,—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmèd body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality !

— *James Russell Lowell.*



POETRY OF AUTUMN.

Jules Adolph Breton.

THE RECALL OF THE GLEANERS,



Poetry of Autumn.

AUTUMN.

THEN came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinch'd sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

— Edmund Spenser.

"Faerie Queene," Book VII.

HYMN OF PRAISE BY ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 oral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven.
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

—John Milton.

"Paradise Lost."

AUTUMN'S MIRTH.

'TIS all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 For, watch the rain among the leaves ;
 With silver fingers dimly seen
 It makes each leaf a tambourine,
 And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
 To kiss the brow of mother earth ;
 Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass.
 It nods a greeting as you pass.
 Oh ! hear the rain amid the leaves,
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves !

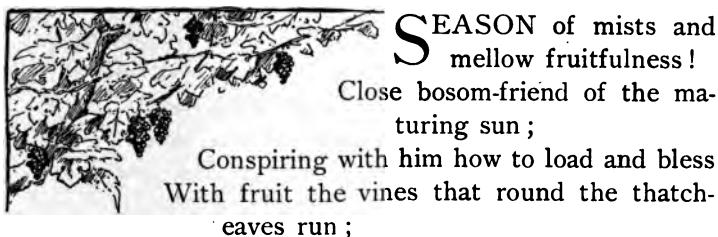
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 For, list the wind among the sheaves ;
 Far sweeter than the breath of May,
 Or storied scents of old Cathay,
 It blends the perfumes rare and good
 Of spicy pine and hickory wood.
 And with a voice in gayest chime,
 It prates of rifled mint and thyme.
 Oh ! scent the wind among the sheaves,
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves !

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 Behold the wondrous web she weaves !
 By viewless hands her thread is spun
Of evening' vapors shyly won.

Across the grass from side to side
 A myriad unseen shuttles glide
 Throughout the night, till on the height
 Aurora leads the laggard light.
 Behold the wondrous web she weaves,
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves !

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

AUTUMN.



To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
 Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or, on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of ~~the~~, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath ~~the~~ flowers ;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them ; thou hast thy music, too,
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river swallows, borne aloft.
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around,
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
 The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

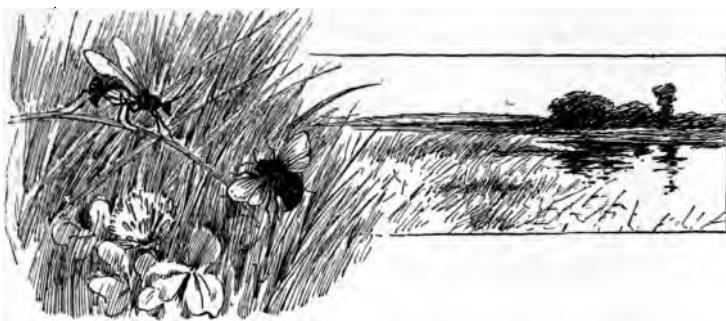
MORNING.

SEE, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtile fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below.

And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nut and fruit;
The early lark that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

— *John Fletcher.*



SEPTEMBER DAYS.

IN flickering light and shade the broad stream goes,
With cool, dark nooks and checkered, rippling shallows ;
Through reedy ferns its sluggish current flows,
Where lilies grow and purple-blossomed mallows.

The aster-blooms above its eddies shine,
With pollened bees about them humming slowly,
And in the meadow-lands the drowsy kine
Make music with their sweet bells, tinkling lowly.

The shrill cicala, on the hillside tree,
Sounds to its mate a note of love or warning ;
And turtle-doves re-echo, plaintively,
From upland fields, a soft, melodious mourning.

A golden haze conceals the horizon,
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows ;
The pride and prime of summertime is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

The wild hawk's shadow fleets across the grass,
Its softened gray the softened green outvying ;
And fair scenes fairer grow while yet they pass,
As breezes freshen when the day is dying.

O sweet September ! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

— *George Arnold.*

VOICE OF THE WIND.

THE wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile, from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash ; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing change,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties :
The aspen next ; a fluttered frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute : from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetness ; but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy : lastly the pine
Did he solicit ; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.

— *H·*

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I'VE a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And these little girls' bonnets away.

There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
And O ! there's no end to the nuts;
Over many long roads I must traverse away,
And many by-lanes and short cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
That needs must be whirled round and round ;
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
In the most distant part of the town.

The rich nabob's cloak must have a good shake,
Though he does hold his head pretty high ;
And I must not slight Betty, who washes so clean,
And has just hung her clothes out to dry.

Then there are signs to be creaked, and doors to be
slammed,
Loose window blinds too to be shaken ;
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You will see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flap the broad sails, and howl through the shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail,
On their white wings across the bright sky ;
I bow to no mandate, save only to Him
Who reigneth in glory on high.

— *Selected.*

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountain below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

HYMN OF PRAISE.

YE mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

— *John Milton.*



RAIN IN SEPTEMBER.

O SWEET September rain !
I hear it fall upon the garden beds,
Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane ;
Or 'tis a spirit who treads
The humid alleys through,
Whose light wings rustle in the avenue,
Whose breath is like the rose,
When to the dawn its petals first unclose.

Swift, swift, the dancing lines
Flash on the water, brim the dusky pool,
Brim the white cups of bindweed, where it twines
Amid the hedgerows cool.
Eastward cloud-shadows drift
Where the wet autumn breeze is flying swift,
Bending the poplar tree,
Chasing white sails along the misty sea.

Drenching the dry brown turf,
Softening the naked cornland for the plow,
Fretting the bells of foam, the eddying surf,
Loading the heavy bough
With moisture, whose relief,
Slakes the hot thirst of every porous leaf, —
O sweet September rain !
We welcome thee across the western main.

This earth is very fair,
Whereon with careless, thankless hearts we stand :
A sphere of marvels in the coiling air,
Girdling the fertil

There the cloud-islands lie ;
 There the great tempests do arise and die ;
 The rain is cradled there,
 Falls on the round world, makes it green and fair.

— *Mortimer Collins.*

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

THROUGH the long night the surges roared
 In hoarse, wild rage, against the rocks
 Whose flinty horns their white sides gored,—
 Then came the Equinox !

No joy was in the face of day,
 The air was full of wrath and strife ;
 The pall of cloud-rack torn away
 Had more of death than life.

Swift from its stormy grasp is hurled
 The mighty sheaf of thunderous spears ;
 While, hushed in dread, a silent world
 Its shout of triumph hears.

Sullen, with deep and lowering brow,
 Fierce foam of wrath upon its lips,
 And strong breath smiting, keel and prow,
 The quivering, doomèd ships, —

The sunset meets its eyes' wild light
 Unquenched beneath its tangled locks ;
 God ! Help their need who meet to-night
 The stormy Equinox.

— *Mary Elisabeth Blake.*



THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair ;
 But not a blade grows green as in the spring ;
 No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves ;
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,
 Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves ;
 The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,
 It pierces chestnut-bur and walnut-shell ;
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops ;
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell ;
 And all that once received the early rain
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

—*Jones Very.*

A STORM IN VENICE.

THE pent sea throbbed as if racked with pain ;
 Some black clouds rose and suddenly rode
 Right into the town. The thunder strode
 As a giant striding from star to star,

POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

Then turned upon earth and frantically came,
Shaking the hollow heaven. And far
And near red lightning in ribbon and skein
Did write upon heaven Jehovah's name.

Then lightnings went weaving like shuttlecocks,
Weaving black raiment of clouds for death ;
The mute doves flew to Saint Mark in flocks,
And men stood leaning with gathered breath.
Black gondolas flew as never before,
And drew like crocodiles up on the shore ;
And vessels at sea stood farther at sea,
And seamen hauled with a bended knee.
Then canvas came down to left and to right ;
And ships stood stripped as if stripped for fight !

—Joaquin Miller.



UP IN A WILD.

UP in a wild where no one comes to look
There lives and sings a little lonely brook ;
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rain, as drinks the soul her thought ;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone ! alone !
And hear afar the Rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea !

The voiceful Rivers, chanting to the sun,
And weaving names of honor, every one !
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah ! lonely brook ! creep onward through the pines ;
Press through the gloom to where the daylight shines !
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee !

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth ;
Hold thine own path, however-ward it tendeth ;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the Rivers, by-and-by !

— *Adeline D. T. Whitney.*

THE RIVER.

RIVER, river, little river !
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River, river, swelling river !
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
 Louder, faster, rolling, leaping,
 Over rocks and shallows sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.

River, river, brimming river !
 Broad and deep, and still as time ;
 Seeming still, although in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean, —
 Just like mortal prime.

River, river, rapid river !
 Swifter now you slip away ;
 Swift and silent as an arrow,
 Through a channel dark and narrow —
 Like life's closing day.

River, river, headlong river !
 Down you dash into the sea, —
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that sail hath never rounded,
 Like Eternity.

— *Selected.*

THE RIVER'S END.

BUT the majestic river floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
 Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,

And split his currents ; that for many a league
 The shorn and parcel'd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
 A foild circuitous wanderer — till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea.

— Matthew Arnold.

"Sohrab and Rustum."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

— Alfred

SLOW AND SURE.

HOW does the tide come? Not all in one rising,
Daunting the land and the weather surprising;
Heaving, receding, now farther, now nigher,
Now it is lower and now it is higher,
It is full tide and the sea rules the shore.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
Now it may lose ground, and now it may win it;
Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth.
Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster,
So goes it forward, now slower, now faster,
Till, all the pain past, and failures made whole,
It is full grown, and the Lord rules the soul.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE OCEAN.

THE ocean at the bidding of the moon
Forever changes with his restless tide;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return. Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high ridged and free,—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be.
O, leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone!
A glorious sound, deep drawn, and strongly thrown,
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears (as who shall scorn to own?)
A tutelar fond voice, a savior tone of love.

—*Char*



THE RECOLLECTION.

WE wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam ;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of paradise.
We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest-bough,
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below :
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day —
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love

Of that fair forest green;
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*



SEPTEMBER.

SWEET is the voice that calls
 From babbling waterfalls
 In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
 And soft the breezes blow,
 And eddying come and go,
 In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
 The blithe quail pipes at morn,
 The merry partridge drums in hidden places;
 And glittering insects gleam
 Above the reedy stream
 Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
 Across the garden wall,

And on the clustered grapes to purple turning ;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September ;
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
“ O fairest Summer, stay ! ”
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning ;
The wildfowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

— *George Arnold.*

A WILD ROSE IN SEPTEMBER.

O WILD red rose, what spell has stayed
Till now thy summer of delights ?
Where hid the south wind when he laid
These autumn nights ?

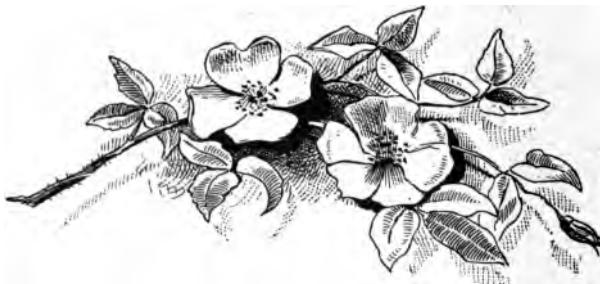
O wild red rose ! Two faces glow
 At sight of thee, and two hearts share
 All thou and thy south wind can know
 Of sunshine in this autumn air.

O sweet wild rose ! O strong south wind
 The sunny roadside asks no reasons
 Why we such secret summer find,
 Forgetting calendars and seasons !

Alas ! red rose, thy petals wilt ;
 Our loving hands tend thee in vain ;
 Our thoughtless touch seems like a guilt,
 Ah, could we make thee live again !

Yet joy, wild rose ! Be glad, south wind !
 Immortal wind ! immortal rose !
 Ye shall live on, in two hearts shined,
 With secrets which no words disclose.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*



THE SWEETBRIER.

OUR sweet, autumnal western-scented wind
 Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
 In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the Sweetbrier yields it ; and the shower.

Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely ;— yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door, —
Such are the simple folk it dwells among ;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand,
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants ; and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I, love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

—John G. C. Brainard.

TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WAN brightener of the fading year,
Chrysanthemum ;
Rough teller of the winter near,
Chrysanthemum ;
Gray low-hung skies and woodlands sere,
Wet leaf-strown ways with thee appear,
Yet well I love to see thee here,
Chrysanthemum ;
Yes, well I love to see thee here,
Chrysanthemum.

Thou comest when the rose is dead,
Chrysanthemum ;
When pink and lily both have fled,
Chrysanthemum ;

When hollyhocks droop low the head,
And dahlias litter path and bed,
Thou bloomest bright in all their stead,
 Chrysanthemum ;
And back recallest their beauty fled,
 Chrysanthemum.

O loved not for thy sake alone,
 Chrysanthemum ;
Not for a beauty all thine own,
 Chrysanthemum ;
For fair blooms to the springtime known,
For bright hues to the summer shown,
For memories dear of flowerets flown,
 Chrysanthemum ;
I love thee, blossomer alone,
 Chrysanthemum.

— *William Cox Bennett.*

A SEPTEMBER ROBIN.

MY eyes are full, my silent heart is stirred,
Amid these days so bright
 Of ceaseless warmth and light ;
 Summer that will not die,
 Autumn, without one sigh
 O'er sweet hours passing by ;
 Cometh that tender note
 Out of thy tiny throat,
Like grief, or love, insisting to be heard,
O little plaintive bird !

No need of word ;
Well know I all your tale,—forgotten bird !

Soon you and I together
Must face the winter weather,
Remembering how we sung
Our primrose fields among,
In days when life was young ; .
Now, all is growing old,
And the warm earth's a-cold ;
Still with brave heart we'll sing on, little bird,
Sing only. Not one word.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.



TO A CRICKET.

PIPER with the rusty quill,
Fifing on a windy hill,
In a dusty coat ;
Saddened by the fading glow,
Softer measures seem to flow
From thy russet throat.

Perched amid the withered grass,
Like a friar singing mass
O'er th ad,

Hauntingly, a note of woe
Echoes from thy tremolo,
Mourning beauty fled.

As I listen, fancy strays
Backward through the summer ways
Prankt with nodding flowers ;
And anon the fragrant night,
Rich in song and rare delight,
Opes her musky bowers.

Glow-worms glimmer, fireflies speed,
Lighting Puck and Mustard Seed
And their pixie crew ;
Then the darkness flees, and morn,
Peeping o'er the poppied corn,
Becks to pleasure new.

Dimpled daisies, laughing, toss
Kisses o'er the dewy moss
At my wayward feet ;
While the lays of bees and birds,
Sweeter than all caroled words
In soft chorus meet.

Rising from the lap of Noon
Comes a drowsy breeze to croon
Mid the new-mown hay ;
As thou pipest, thus I fare,
Fancy led to visitors rare,
Down the summer day.

When the winds from Arctic waves,
Wailing o'er the flower graves,
Glass each shuddering pool,

Minstrel, flee thy frozen nest,
I shall wait thee ; be my guest
On the hearth at Yule !

— *Eli Shepherd.*

OCTOBER.

IT is no joy to me to sit
On dreamy summer eves,
When silently the timid moon
Kisses the sleeping leaves,
And all things through the fair hush'd earth
Love, rest — but nothing grieves.
Better I like old Autumn
With his hair toss'd to and fro,
Firm striding o'er the stubble fields
When the equinoctials blow.

When shrinkingly the sun creeps up
Through misty mornings cold,
And Robin on the orchard hedge
Sings cheerily and bold ;
While heavily the frosted plum
Drops downwards on the mold ;—
And as he passes, Autumn
Into earth's lap does throw
Brown apples gay in a game of play,
As the equinoctials blow.

When the spent year its carol sinks
Into a humble psalm,
Asks no more for the pleasure draught,
But for the cup of balm

And all its storms and sunshine-bursts
Controls to one brave calm,—
Then step by step walks Autumn,
With steady eyes that show
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the year,
While the equinoctials blow.

— *Dinah Mulock Craik.*

AUTUMN HAZE.

A CROSS the pearly distance
It lies on hill and stream,
In banks of airy turquoise
As softly as a dream.

A slumberous smoke that rises
Serenely in the cold,
From autumn woodlands blazing
In flames of rosy gold.

— *Richard Kendall Munkittrick.*



PARTRIDGES.

UNDER the alders, along the brooks,
Under the hemlocks, along the hill,
Spreading their plumage with furtive looks,
Daintily pecking the leaves at will ;
Whir ! and they flit from the startled sight,—
And the forest is silent, the air is still.

Crushing the leaves 'neath our careless feet,
Snapping the twigs with a heavy tread,
Dreamy October is late and sweet,
And stooping we gather a blossom dead ;
Boom ! and our heart has a thunderous beat
As the gray apparition flits overhead.

Up from the path with a thunderous roar
That startles the dreamer amid his dreams,
Till he peers into vistas that open before
For the flash of the plumage with silver gleams :
Why, modest brown hermit, thus fearful of him
Who would share in the secrets of forest and streams ?

I lie on windrows of leaves and gaze
At thy innocent preening of serrate wing,
Or watch where the last crimson colors blaze,
And the red autumn leaves to the maple cling,—
Too fond of this life myself, to destroy
The motion and life I am worshiping.

— *Alonzo Teall Worden.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE grain is gathered in ;
The season's work is done ;
No more the hurrying din
Of the stress of noon-time sun.
But beautiful and calm,
And full of healing balm,
The autumn rest is won.

Yea, the tired world standeth still
In a trance of peace and praise ;
And the light on field and hill
Is the light of bygone days ;
And long-forgotten rhymes
And songs of the dear old times
Come back in the brooding haze.

Fair is the passing day
When the sun so kindly beams :
Fair is the far-away,
And the world that only seems ;
O, naught in the round, ripe year
Is so strange and sweet and dear
As this beautiful time of dreams.

— *Eudora S. Bumstead.*

"*Youth's Companion.*"

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Smiting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst ;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's moldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedar-alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell,
Or with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

— Sarah Helen Whitman

OCTOBER.

THE frost is out, and in the open fields,
 And late within the woods, I marked his track ;
 The unwary flower his icy fingers feels,
 And at their touch the crispèd leaf rolls back ;
 Look, how the maple o'er a sea of green
 Waves in the autumnal wind his flag of red !
 First struck of all the forest's spreading screen,
 Most beauteous, too, the earliest of her dead.
 Go on : thy task is kindly meant by Him
 Whose is each flower and richly covered bough ;
 And though the leaves hang dead on every limb,
 Still will I praise His love, that early now
 Has sent before this herald of decay
 To bid me heed before the approach of winter's
 sterner day.

—*Jones Very.*

NUTTING.

IT seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out),
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die,
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my step
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
 Tucked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds.
 Which for that service had been husbanded
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame —

Motley accouterment of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in truth,
More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene ! — A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet ; or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;

I saw the sparkling foam,
And, with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crack,
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being ; and, unless I now
Cor- nt feelings with the past,
 bower I turned

Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky, —
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
 Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

— *William Wordsworth.*

THE SQUIRREL.



THE pretty, black Squirrel lives
 up in a tree,
 A little blithe creature as ever can be ;
 He dwells in the boughs where the
 Stock-dove broods,
 Far in the shades of the green sum-
 mer woods ;
 His food is the young juicy cones of
 the Pine,

And the milky Beechnut is his bread and his wine.

In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound
 To the topmost twigs, and then to the ground ;
 Then up again, like a wingèd thing,
 And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring ;
 Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and queer,
 As if he would say, “ Ay, follow me here ! ”
 And then he grows pettish, and stamps his foot ;
 And then independently cracks his nut ;
 And thus he lives the whole summer through,
 Without a care or a thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather when food is scarce

So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
 And there makes his nest, and lays up his store ;
 And when cold winter comes, and the trees are bare,
 When the white snow is falling, and keen is the air,
 He heeds it not as he sits by himself,
 In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf,
 O, wise little squirrel ! no wonder that he
 In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be.

— *Mary Howitt.*

A FABLE.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel ;
 And the former called the latter “ Little Prig ; ”
 Bun replied,
 “ You are doubtless very big ;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere ;
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I’m not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry.
 I’ll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track ;
 Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 You crack a nut.”

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.



THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

— William Cullen Bryant.

FADED LEAVES.

THE hills are bright with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind,
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hilltops glow,
And in the still, sharp air, the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride ;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse, sly and wise,
Hiding away in the disgrace
Of nature from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging toward the sun ;
And all the wide and withered fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire.
To read good books, to sing

The low and lovely songs, that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

— Alice Cary.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow,
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers

William Cullen Bryant.

SONG OF THE HARVEST.

THE glad harvest greets us ; brave toiler for bread,
Good cheer ! the prospect is brighter ahead ;
Like magic, the plentiful sunshine and rain
Have ripened our millions of acres of grain ;
And the poorest the wolf may keep from his door, —
There'll be bread and to spare another year more.

So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in ;
We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.

We hailed with delight, yet tempered with fear,
The corn as it grew from the blade to the ear ;
Lest haply, though large is the surplus in store,
That bread might be dearer for twelve months or more ;
But the sunshine and rain, how they ripened the grain
That waited the sickle over hillside and plain !

So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in ;
We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.

Oh, ne'er let us question the Wisdom which guides
Our feet in green pastures, and for us provides ;
Who now, as aforetime, His glory displays,
In the bounty that crowns our autumnal days ;
Let the glad tidings echo the continent o'er,
There'll be bread and to spare another year more !

So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in ;

We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.

—Henry Stevenson Washburn.

"The Vacant Chair and Other Poems."

THE FIELDS OF CORN.



O'ER many roods of restless
blades
The sunburnt farmer goes ;
And there till day's refulgence
fades
He plows among the rows.

From purple eve to crimson morn
The furrows smile and grow ;
The moon hangs out her silver
horn,
And pours her light below.

Through sunny days and yellow
weeks,
With clouds that melt in tears,
The glory of the harvest speaks
In all the silken ears.

The wind stirs with the rosy dawn,
And strikes the dewy plain ;
And, flying swifter than the fawn,
It bends the stalks of grain.

The tassels spread 'neath cheering rays,
And plume the kingly form ;
The furrows lift the creamy maize,
And greet the w

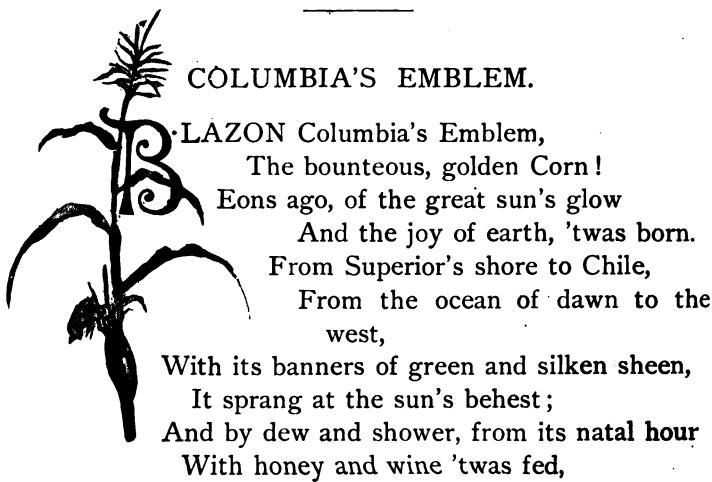
When all the woods are hung with green,
 And hills are strewn with sheaves,
 When flowers blush deep where bees have been,
 The ears grow fast like leaves.

The squirrel comes from mantled trees
 Which line these fields of wealth ;
 And, when light flows in rippling seas,
 He strips the ear by stealth.

When fields of green turn sear and brown,
 And woods grow rich with stain,
 And orchards bend with pippins down,
 And barns are choked with grain ;

When Autumn hangs his sumptuous robes
 Out in the glowing morn,
 Which hides the lamps of distant globes,—
 Then gleams the ripened corn.

—J. Hazard Hartzell.



Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze ;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribe
As the gods' own gift and seal ;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields ; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold ;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold ;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all or west !

The arbutus and the golden-rod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear ;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn ;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn !

— *Edna Dean Proctor.*

MAIZE FOR THE NATION'S EMBLEM.

UPON a hundred thousand plains
Its banners rustle in the breeze,
O'er all the nation's wide domains,
From coast to coast betwixt the seas.

It storms the hills and fills the vales,
It marches like an army grand,
The continent its presence hails,
Its beauty brightens all the land.

Far back through history's shadowy page
It shines a power of boundless good,
The people's prop from age to age,
The one unfailing wealth of food.

God's gift to the New World's great need,
That helps to build the nation's strength,
Up through beginnings rude to lead
A higher race of men at length.

How straight and tall and stately stand
Its serried stalks upright and strong !
How nobly are its outlines planned !
What grace and charm to it belong !

What splendid curves in rustling leaves !
What richness in its close-set gold !
What largess in its clustered sheaves,
New every year, though ages old !

America ! from thy broad breast
It sprang, beneficent and bright,
Of all the gifts from heaven the best,
For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise !
A noble emblem should be ours :—
Upon thy fair shield set thy Maize,
More glorious than a myriad flowers.

And let the States their garlands bring,
Each its own lovely blossom-sign ;
But leading all, let Maize be king,
Holding its place by right divine.

— *Celia Leighton Thaxter.*



NOVEMBER.

NO sun — no moon !
 No morn — no noon —
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
 No sky — no earthly view —
 No distance looking blue —
 No road — no street — no “t’other side the way” —
 No end to any Row —
 No indications where the crescents go —
 No top to any steeple —
 No recognitions of familiar people —
 No courtesies for showing ’em —
 No knowing ’em !
 No traveling at all — no locomotion —
 No inkling of the way — no notion —
 “No go” — by land or ocean —
 No mail — no post —
 No news from any foreign coast —
 No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
 No company — no nobility —
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member —
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —
 November !

— *Thomas Hood.*

IN NOVEMBER.

SOFT, sweet, and sad in its pathetic glory,
 The pale November sunshine floods the earth,
 Like a bright ending to a mournful story,
Or, in a minor tune, a chord of mirth.

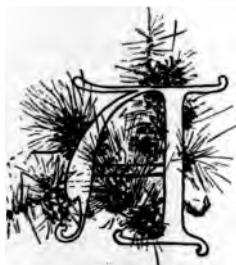
Before the wet west wind forever drifting,
 The falling leaves fly o'er the garden walks ;
 The wet west wind the bare, gaunt branches lifting,
 And bowing to black mold the withered stalks.

The blackbird whistles to the lingering thrushes,
 The wren chirps welcome to the hardy tit,
 While the brave robin, 'neath the holly-bushes,
 Sees what of berried store still gleams for it.

And the heart, sad for vanished hopes, in turning
 Back to lost summers from the winter's chill,
 Sees the rich promise through the weary yearning,
 That heaven and spring will each our trust fulfill.

— *Susan Kelly Phillips.*

A DAY OF THE INDIAN SUMMER



DAY of golden beauty ! Through
 the night
 The hoar-frost gathered, o'er each
 leaf and spray
 Weaving its filmy network ; thin and
 bright,

And shimmering like silver in the ray
 Of the soft sunny morning ; turf and tree
 Pranct in its delicate embroidery,
 And every withered stump and mossy stone,
 With gems incrusted and with seed pearl sown ;
 While in the hedge the frosted berries glow,
 The scarlet holly and the purple sloe,

And all is gorgeous, fairy-like and frail
As the famed gardens of the Arabian tale.

How soft and still the autumnal landscape lies,
Calmly outspread beneath the smiling skies ;
As if the earth, in prodigal array
Of gems and broidered robes kept holiday ;
Her harvest yielded and her work all done,
Basking in beauty 'neath the autumn sun !

— *Sarah Helen Whitman.*

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft autumnal time
Is come, that sheds, upon the naked scene,
Charms only known in this our northern clime —
Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gathered by the wild November blast ;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough
Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn ;
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

— *John H. Bryant.*

“DOWN TO SLEEP.”

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still ;
November days are clear and bright ;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill ;
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie “down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads ;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep,
When all wild things lie “down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight ;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight ;
I hear their chorus of “good-night ;”
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie “down to sleep.”

November woods are bare and still ;
November days are bright and good ;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill ;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood ;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can “lay us down to

A NOVEMBER GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, little shivering grasses !
 'Tis idle to struggle and fight
 With tempest and cruel frost fingers ;
 Lie down, little grasses, to-night !



The roses have gone from the garden,
 And hidden their faces so fair ;
 The lilies have never uplifted
 Since Frost found them bending in
 prayer.

The aster and dahlia fought bravely,
 Till Ice, with his glittering crest,
 A diamond dagger laid over
 The bloom of each velvety breast.

The leaves of the forest lie faded ;
 Dry stubble is left after grain ;
 Yet you, little grasses, still struggle,
 Still hope for the soft summer rain.

Nay, nay, even now there is weaving
 Above you the fleece of the snow ;
 The star-pattern tracks the white shuttle
 Through the loom of the storm to and fro,

Until over the moor and the mountain
 'Twill lie like a thrice-blessèd stole,
 And the beggarly rays of November
 Be made, in the day-dawning, whol-

Fear not for the springtime awaking ;
 'Tis sure as the path of a star ;
The Watcher unsleeping is ready
 The doorway of sleep to unbar,

In time for that stir in the forest,
 For the ears of a mortal too fine,
When rootlets commence their spring-plowing,
 And maple-trees call up their wine.

Good-night, little shivering grasses !
 Lie down 'neath the coverlet white,
And rest till the cuckoo is singing ;
 Good-night, little grasses, good-night !

— *Ethel Lynn Beers.*

AUTUMN.

SHORTER and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gate they crowd,
And summer from her golden collar slips,
 And strays through stubble fields, and moans aloud,

Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
 And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
 And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

— *Alice Cary.*

THE LAST ROBIN.

YEET a little longer,
Robin redbreast, stay ;
All thy gay companions
Long since flew away ;
While the groves were vocal
With their merry chime,
Quickly on the dial
Moved the hands of Time.

O'er the hazy landscape
Stand the stacks of grain ;
Autumn's golden sentinels
Marshaled on the plain ;
And the shouts of reapers,
Gathering their sheaves,
Mingle with the rustling
Of the falling leaves.

Memories tinged with sadness
Weigh upon the heart,
As with cherished objects
Tenderly we part ;
For the cricket, singing
At the open door,
Tells us we may never
Look upon them more.

Then a little longer
Lingering by the way,
Herald of the springtime,
Robin redbreast, stay ;

While the shadows lengthen,
 And the earth, grown sear,
 Wraps her frosty mantle
 Round the closing year.

—Henry Stevenson Washburn.

From "The Vacant Chair and Other Poems."



“BOB WHITE.”

I SEE you, on the zigzag rails,
 You cheery little fellow !
 While purple leaves are whirling down,
 And scarlet, brown, and yellow.
 I hear you when the air is full
 Of snow-down of the thistle ;
 All in your speckled jacket trim,
 “Bob White ! Bob White !” you whistle.

Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,
 Are nodding there to greet you ;
 I know that yo av —
 How I sh

Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,
 In this delightful weather ;
 What splendid playmates you and I,
 “Bob White,” would make together !

There, you are gone ! but far away
 I hear your whistle falling.
 Ah ! may be it is hide-and-seek,
 And that’s why you are calling.
 Along those hazy uplands wide
 We’d be such merry rangers ;
 What ! silent now, and hidden too ?
 “Bob White,” don’t let’s be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
 In yonder rainbowed thicket,
 While winds are playing with the leaves,
 And softly creaks the cricket.
 “Bob White ! Bob White ! ” — again I hear
 That blithely whistled chorus ;
 Why should we not companions be ?
 One Father watches o’er us !

— *George Cooper.*

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O WISE little birds, how do ye know
 The way to go
 Southward and northward, to and fro ?

Far up in the ether pipèd they,
 “ We but obey
 One who calleth us far away.

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here ;
Ever He maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye :
Would that I might as trusting be !

— *Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

THE STORMY PETREL.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea —
Fearless and rapid and strong is he ;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate, from the tempest's shocks,
Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul ! when the billows of rage and strife

Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapors of somber hue —
Like the petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way.

— Park Benjamin.

THE STORMY PETREL.

THE lark sings for joy in her own loved land,
In the furrowed field, by the breezes fanned ;
And so revel we
In the furrowed sea,
As joyous and glad as the lark can be.

On the placid breast of the inland lake
The wild duck delights her pastime to take ;
But the petrel braves
The wild ocean waves,
His wing in the foaming billow he laves.

The halcyon loves in the noontide beam
To follow his sport on the tranquil stream ;
He fishes at ease
In the summer breeze,
But we go angling in stormiest seas.

No song-note have we but a piping cry,
That blends with the storm when the wind is high.
When the land-birds wail
We sport in the gale,
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

— *Selected.*

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

WHITHER away, robin,
Whither away?

Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?

The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest ;
Whither away?

Whither away, bluebird,
Whither away?

The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.

Warbler, why speed thy Southern flight ? ah, why,
Thou, too, whose song first told us of the spring ?
Whither away?

Whither away, swallow,
Whither away?

Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest ?
Not one short day ?

Wilt thou — as if thou human wert — go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best ?
Whither away?

— Edmund Clarence Stedman.

AUTUMN IS ENDED.



DOWN drop the painted leaves ;
The world lies stripped and
wounded, cold and bare ;
Piled are the golden sheaves,
And passed is every object sweet
and fair.

Now faded are the flowers,
And grass on sloping hills and
tranquil dales ;
And songless are the bowers,
Where lovers came and breathed
their secret tales.

The fruits are ripe and gone ;
The fields have lost their wealth and vernal cheer ;
The stars throw smiles upon
The full-armed gleaners of the harvest year.

Winds come with chilling breath ;
Rains fall, and brooks from woods begin to rise ;
Gloom fills the realm of death ;
And birds take flight for warmth of Southern skies.

There's nothing bright nor fair,
Save fields of wheat that wear their cloaks of green ;
There's nothing in the air
But chill, where rays of gold and love have been.

The seed of change was sown
Through months, by viewless hands, in field and town ;
And Autumn, near his throne,
Lets fall his crowded horn and brazen

The fire burns on the hearth,
Where tempting fruit and charming books abound ;
Love opens springs of mirth,
Where radiant hopes and bubbling joys are found.

The skies hang cold and gray ;
Among the hills the winds begin to blow ;
Herds strike their homeward way ;
And earth grows white and strange with flying snow.

—J. Hazard Hartzell.

THREE CUNNING CRABS.

THERE'S a spider crab that lives in the sea,
O, he's just as wise as wise can be !
And he sits on a rock,
In his little shell frock,
Plotting against the shining fishes,
That make such charming, delicate dishes.

Of all the crabs that live under the sea,
He's the slyest crab that ever can be ;
With many a lunge,
He prys open a sponge,
While he rests on his back, and floats along,
Catching unthinking fish with pincers strong.

There's a fiddler crab that lives in the sea,
With a pincer as long as long can be ;
And he fiddles away,
In the midst of the spray,
Till he wears his arms to quite a hard crust,
scons aloft, for rest he must.

There's a cocoanut crab that's fond of the land,
With hammers and spoons he travels the sand ;
 With right heavy raps
 The hard nut he taps,
Till the eye of the nut is quite thrust in,
And he dips out the meat with a knowing grin.

— Dorothy Wood.

THE CORAL INSECT.

FAR adown the silent ocean,
 Where the sunbeams never fall,
Never comes the storm's commotion,
 Dwells the coral insect small.
Very weak and small is he,
 But he wastes no time away ;
Ever toiling, ever busy,
 Building up to meet the day.

Days and months and years are going,
 Still he climbs to seek the sun ;
Every hour his work is growing
 Till the coral reef is done.
Onward, upward, progress making,
 Branch by branch, and cell by cell,
Till, above the billows breaking,
 All the work is finished well.

Boys and girls, come learn a lesson
 Of the coral insect small ;
Learn to persevere and press on
 Till your work is finished all.

POETRY OF AUTUMN.

Upward to the sun of knowledge
Build you higher every year ;
Of the little coral insect
Learn to always persevere.

— *Selected.*



THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy mo-

The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending, like corn on the upland lea :
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,
 Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 And the waters murmur tranquilly
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

—James Gates Percival.

THE RIVIERA.

O PEERLESS shore of peerless sea,
 Ere mortal eye had gazed on thee,
 What god was lover first of thine,
 Drank deep of thy unvintaged wine,
 And lying on thy shining breast
 Knew all thy passion and thy rest ;
 And when thy love he must resign,
 O generous god, first love of thine,
 Left such a dower of wealth to thee,
 Thou peerless shore of peerless sea !
 Thy balmy air, thy stintless sun,
 Thy orange-flowering never done,
 Thy myrtle, olive, palm, and pine,
 Thy golden figs, thy ruddy wine,

Thy subtle and resistless spell,
 Which all men feel and none can tell ?
 O peerless shore of peerless sea !
 From all the world we turn to thee ;
 No wonder deem we thee divine !
 Some god was lover first of thine.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE PETRIFIED FERN.



In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibers tender ;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain.
 Nature reveled in grand mysteries ;
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees,

Only grew and waved its wild sweet way ;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day !
O the agony, O life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

— *Mary Bolles Branch.*

THE ALPS.

A REVERIE.

THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,

To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow ;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When, to the horizontal ray,
The many-tinctured vapors roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be.

Yet through the valley while I range,
Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
Color and shape and station change, —
Here crags and caverns, woods and streams,
And seas of adamantine ice,
With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
Open a way to Paradise,
Through all the splendid waste.

The sun in morning freshness shines ;
At noon behold his orb o'ercast ;
Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
Like distant ocean, moans the blast.
The mountains darken at the sound,
Put on their armor, and anon,
In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
Their forms from sight are gone.

—James Montgomery.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
 With the wonderful water round you curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
 World, you are beautifully dressed !

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
 With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
 With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small,
 I hardly can think of you, World, at all ;
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper within me seemed to say,
 " You are more than the Earth, though you're such a dot !
 You can love and think, and the Earth cannot ! "

— *Selected.*

THE FLAG IN NATURE.

ALL nature sings wildly the song of the free,
 The red, white, and blue floats o'er land and o'er sea :
 The white — in each billow that breaks on the shore,
 The blue — in the arching that canopies o'er
 The land of our birth, in its glory outspread —
 And sunset dyes deepen and glow into red ;

Day fades into night, and the red stripes retire,
But stars o'er the blue light their sentinel fires,
And though night be gloomy, with clouds overspread,
Each star holds its place in the field overhead ;
When scatter the clouds and the tempest is through,
We count every star in the field of the blue.

— *Samuel Francis Smith.*

From "Poems of Home and Country."

MY COUNTRY.

I LOVE my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms ;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast ;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone ;
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern land were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the mo

Have all their charms for me ;
 But more I love my country's name,
 Those words that echo deathless fame, —
 "The land of liberty."

— *Hesperion.*

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

WHAT wildfire runs about the stooping sheaves,
 Climbs up the hill, and dips in fervid bath
 The tender promise of the aftermath,
 And fans to redder flame the frost-bright leaves
 On forest bough and path ?

What liquid amber overlays the stream,
 And paints the quick, dark swallows as they dart
 Through windless heaven, gathering to depart,
 And gilds the web and floating motes that seem
 A crowd in airy mart ?

What flame has lit a lamp in window-panes
 That westward look, and poured such glamour down
 Upon the roofs and gables of the town,
 That now they stand in pomp of Moorish fanes
 And towers of old renown ?

— *Selected.*





SUNSET WITH ITS ROSY FEET.

SUNSET with its rosy feet
 Stains the grasses low and sweet ;
 And the shadow-beeches softly fall
 Across the meadows, dark and tall ;
 O fold away
 The dusty day,
 Sweet nightfall, in thy curtains gray.

For when the fire-flies fleck like stars
 Yon sullen fields, whose open bars
 Await a step that brings to me
 The sweetest freight from off life's sea,
 With trusting heart
 I wait apart
 Thy coming from the world's dull mart.

As shades grow dense, and darker lie,
 My own bright stars will multiply,
 And all my days through sunset gates
 Drift out, and leave but dreary dates.

My sunsets hold
 Of life the gold,

For thou art here my hand to fold.

— *From the Japanese.*

NIGHTFALL.

THE shadows deepen down the woodland road,
 Falling in misty folds
Around the weary oxen with their load :
While at the meadow bars
The mournful cow-bell tolls.
O'er head, in pairs and threes, the timid stars
Blink bashfully in the warm flood of light
That streams, with dying faintness,
Up from the glowing West into the night —
Far up the hill's side slope merging together
The birch's glistening coat, the pine's deep green,
And darker oak, blend with the heather ;
While just across the distant swamp is seen
The dusky bittern, flying to the river ;
A tender breeze, blown landward from the sea,
Kisses the meadow's smoothly shaven face,
Rustles among the trees contentedly,
Refreshing all within its cool embrace.
The grasses glitter with the evening dew ;
The flitting bats, like spirits, come and go ;
The kitchen lights twinkle beneath the blue
That's settled in the place of sunset's glow.

—John Carver.

THE NIGHT WIND.

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo" ?
 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear !
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear ;

It's the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness that brooded far and wide
Over the land and deep :
“ Whom do you want, O, lonely night,
That you wait the long hours through ? ”
And the night would say in its ghostly way :
“ Yooooooo !
Yooooooo !
Yooooooo ! ”

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad ;
And then when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets drawn up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant !
And, “ Who's been bad to-day ? ” I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew ;
And that voice would say in its awful way :
“ Yooooooo !
Yooooooo !
Yooooooo ! ”

That this was true I must allow —
You'll not believe it, though !
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test ;

Suppose, when you've been bad some day,
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest —
 Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true:
 For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone
 "Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!"

— *Eugene Field.*

From "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DOORWAY OF SLEEP.

THERE'S a strangely solemn moment
 When, outside the tent of sleep,
 We lay out beyond its circle
 All we love for God to keep.

Then, before the doorway waiting,
 Must we bid a day good-by,
 Knowing that its shifting moments
 Crystallized forever lie.

Then, through tangled, tattered fringes,
 Made of dreams, the soul must creep,
 Ere it find the soft enrobing
 Of the fleecy folds of sleep.

Then the sentinels He gave us,
 Warders willing, strong, and true,
 Ask for furloughs until morning,
 That their strength they may renew.

Wearing yet both arms and armor,
 Low they lie about the door,
 Pillowed on the bending poppies
 Till the dawn shall come once more.

Will they all, these loyal Senses,
 Waken at my lightest call?
 Shall I find that new to-morrow
 Like this vanished day at all?

Will the love I covet meet me?
 Will the health I boast be mine?
 And the golden sun in heaven
 Gladden eyes that love its shine?

With a strange, reluctant footstep
 Bid I world and life good-night,
 Knowing never what the morrow
 May illumine with its light.

Yet I'll trust to Him the morning,
 Life and love and sense to spare,
 Drop the curtain at the doorway,
 And pin it with a prayer.

— *Ethel Lynn Beers.*



EVENING.

THE sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ;
 The bats are flitting fast in the gray air ;
 The slow soft toads out of damp cor-
 ners creep ;
 And evening's breath, wandering here
 and there

Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees ;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light ;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled, but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd ;
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star in shining through.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

EVENING.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale :
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased ; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

— *John Milton.*

POETRY OF WINTER.



BOSTON (MASS.) COMMON, IN THE BIG SNOWSTORM, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

Poetry of Winter.

WINTER.



LASTLY came Winter cloathèd all in
frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill ;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purple
bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill ;
In his right hand a tipped staff he held
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with
eld,
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was
to weld.

— *Edmund Spenser.*

"Faerie Queene," Book VII.

PROUD WINTER COMETH.

PROUD Winter cometh like a warrior
bold !
His icy lances flashing in the light,
His shield the night, starred bright with
glittering gold,

His mail the silver frost-work, dazzling, bright !
He turns his stern face to the north, and waits
To hear his wind-steeds burst from heaven's gates.

He bringeth at his side the darkening storm,
He sifts white beauty down to deck the plain ;
The bleak, dark forest shivers to keep warm,
The brooks are bound with links of crystal chain ;
The sheep bleat sadly by the pasture bars ;
The night sighs in the darkness for her stars.

Yet many another mien, proud king of snow,
Hast thou when on the earth thine advent falls !
For I have seen thy pale face all aglow
With light as fair as floods the sunset halls !
And I have seen thee, like a gentle child,
Play softly on the hills, with laughter mild.

— *Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.*

WINTER.

SWEET Autumn is no longer bright,
And snow has wrapped the fields in white ;
 The little babbling rill,
That, when the summer days were long,
Did cheer Sky Farm with merry song,
 Is icy, hushed, and still.

Upon the meadow's rounded side,
The dainty flowers have drooped and died ;
 Those messengers of song,

That when the summer days were bright,
Have cheered Sky Farm with music light
To warmer climes have gone.

The icicles now fringe the trees
That swayed in summer's gentle breeze,
When summer days were fair ;
That spread their branches far and high
Against her sunny, azure sky, —
Now they are brown and gray.

Now sunlight glimmers, pale and shy,
And now the winter winds are high,
The winter winds are bold ;
We loved the springtime's sun and rain,
We longed for summer's rose again,
We loved the autumn's golden grain, —
We love the winter's cold !

— *Dora Read Goodale*

From "May Blossoms."

SUMMER AND WINTER.

IT was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon — and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when
Among their children comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold ;
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old !

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

WINTER.

OLD Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of ;
His flesh is firm as ironstone ;
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm he lingers ;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing
Full little cares or knows he ;
He hates the fire and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river ;
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver ;

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
 And trees come crashing after,—
 That hates he not : he loves it all ;
 Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the north pole's strand,
 Where earth and sea are frozen ;
 His summer-house, we understand,
 In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied
 To show his strength and power ;
 And when he comes we stand aside,
 And look at him and cower.

— *From the German.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,—
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass !
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears their natural song,—
 In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

— James Leigh Hunt.

A WINTER SONG.

C RACKLE and blaze,
Crackle and blaze ;

There's snow on the housetops, there's ice on the ways ;

But the keener the season
The stronger's the reason

Our ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze.

So fire, piled fire,
Leap, fire, and shout ;
Be it warmer within
As 'tis colder without.

And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays,
We'll say Winter's evenings outmatch Summer's days,
And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise ;

So crackle and blaze,
Crackle and blaze,

While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Cracke and blaze,
Cracke and blaze ;

There's ice on the ponds, there are leaves on the ways ;

But the barer each tree
The more reason have we

To joy in the summer that roars in thy blaze.

So fire, piled fire,
The lustier shout
The louder winds shriek
And roar by without ;

And as, red through the curtains, go out with thy light
Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark night,

Passers-by, hastening on, shall be loud in thy praise ;
 And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke plays,
 Within, the loud song to thy honor we'll raise.

So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,

While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

— *William Cox Bennett.*



WINTER.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw ;
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
 The joyless winter day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May ;
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfill,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

— *Robert Burns.*

FROST-WORK.

THese winter nights, against my window-pane
 Nature with busy pencil draws designs
 Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
 Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
 Which she will make when summer comes again, —
 Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
 Like curious Chinese etchings. — By and by,
 Walking my leafy garden as of old,
 These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
 In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

SUNRISE.

THE point of one white star is quivering still
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn
 Beyond the purple mountains ; through a chasm
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
 Reflects it ; now it wanes, it gleams again
 As the waves fade and as the burning threads
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air ;

'Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
The roseate sunlight quivers.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

BRIGHT DAYS IN WINTER.

BLAND as the morning's breath of June,
The southwest breezes play,
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.

The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside den forsakes ;
The muskrat leaves his nook ;
The blue bird, in the meadow brakes,
Is singing with the brook.

“Bear up, O Mother Nature !” cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
“Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee.”

So in these winters of the soul,
By wintry blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will summer days appear.

Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers.

The Night is mother of the Day,
 The Winter of the Spring ;
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall,
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Hath left His hope with all.

— *Selected.*



THE WIND.

THE wind went forth o'er land and sea,
 Loud and free ;
 Foaming waves leapt up to meet it,
 Stately pines bowed down to greet it ;
 While the wailing sea
 And the forest's murmured sigh
 Joined the cry
 Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea
 Fierce and free,
 Cast the bark upon the shore,
 Whence it sailed the night before

Full of hope and glee ;
And the cry of pain and death
 Was but a breath,
Through the wind that roared upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the lea
 Tenderly ;
But the white rose felt it pass, .
And the fragile stalks of grass
Shook with fear to see
All her trembling petals shed,
 As it fled
So gently by, — the wind upon the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea,
 Fierce and free,
And a gentler message send,
Where frail flowers and grasses bend,
On the sunny lea ;
For thy bidding still is one,
 Be it done
In tenderness or wrath, on land or sea !

— *Adelaide Anne Procter.*

THE WINDS OF THE WINTER.

THE winds of the winter have breathed their dirges
Far over the wood and the leaf-strown plain ;
They have passed, forlorn, by the mountain verges
Down to the shores of the moaning main ;
And the breast of the smitten sea divides,
Till the voice of winds and the voice of tides
Seem blent with the roar of the central surges,
Whose fruitless furrows are sown with rain.

The pines look down, and their branches shiver
On the misty slopes of the mountain wall,
And I hear the shout of a mountain river
Through the gloom of the ghostly gorges call ;
While from drifting depths of the troubled sky
Outringeth the eagle's wild reply,
So shrill that the startled echoes quiver ;
And the veil of the tempest is over all.

— *Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

I AM here from the North, the frozen North, —
'Tis a thousand leagues away, —
And I left, as I came from my cavern forth,
The streaming lights at play.

From the deep sea's verge to the zenith high
At one vast leap they flew,
And kindled a blaze in the midnight sky
O'er the glittering icebergs blue.

The frolicsome waves they shouted to me,
As I hurriedly over them passed,
“Where are the chains that can fetter the sea ?”
But I bound the boasters fast.

In their pride of strength the pine-trees tall
Of my coming took no heed ;
But I bowed the proudest of them all
As if it had been a reed.

I found the tops of the mountains bare,
And I gave them a crown of snow,

And roused the hungry wolf from his lair,
To hunt the Eskimo.

I saw where lay in the forest spent
The fire of the embers white,
And I breathed on the lordly element,
And nursed it into light.

It floateth amain, my banner red,
With a proud and lurid glare ;
And the fir-clad hills, as torches dread,
Flame in the wintry air.

O'er valley and hill and mere I range,
And, as I sweep along,
Gather all songs that are wild and strange,
And mingle them in my song.

My voice hath been uttered everywhere,
And the sign of my presence seen ;
But the eye of man the form I wear
Hath never beheld, I ween.

— *Selected.*

SNOW SORCERY.

THE spirits of the North were out last night,
Weaving their wizard spells on plain and hill ;
The moon arose and set and gave no light,
The river freezing in the reeds grew still ;
The shuddering stars were hid behind the cloud,
And all the hollow winds were wailing loud.

Where stood the ricks, three antique temples stand,
Like those whose alabaster domes are seen

In old Benares, or far Samarcand,
Half hid in groves of lime and citron green,
With slender minarets whose crystal spires
Burn in the sun with keen, prismatic fires.

The pine is like a tall cathedral tower,
With oriels or withered ivy-vines
Entwined in sculptured shapes of wreath and flower,
Through which the clear, red stain of morning shines ;
And underneath, the snow-draped shrub and briars
Seem kneeling groups of silent, white-robed friars.

No stone or bush but wears a rare device
Of graceful semblance or ideal form,
Fair fantasy, or sumptuous edifice ;
As if the wayward Ariels of the storm
Had blent the magic arts of Prospero
With their own whims and wrought them in the snow.

— *Charles Lotin Hildreth.*

A PICTURE.

WINTER'S wild birthnight ! In the fretful East
The uneasy wind moans with its sense of cold,
And sends its sighs through gloomy mountain gorge,
Along the valley, up the whitening hill,
To tease the sighing spirits of the pines,
And waste in dismal woods their chilly life.
The sky is dark, and on the huddled leaves —
The restless, rustling leaves — sifts down its sleet,
Till the sharp crystals pin them to the earth,
And they grow still beneath the rising storm.
The roofless bullock hugs the sheltering stack,

With cringing head and closely gathered feet,
And waits with dumb endurance for the morn.
Deep in a gusty cavern of the barn,
The witless calf stands blatant at his chain ;
While the brute mother, pent within her stall,
With the wild stress of instinct goes distraught,
And frets her horns, and bellows through the night.
The stream runs black ; and the far waterfall
That sang so sweetly through the summer eves,
And swelled and swayed to Zephyr's softest breath,
Leaps with a sullen roar the dark abyss,
And howls its hoarse responses to the wind.
Yet lower bows the storm. The leafless trees
Lash their lithe limbs, and, with majestic voice,
Call to each other through the deepening gloom ;
And slender trunks that lean on bushy boughs
Shriek with the sharp abrasion ; and the oak,
Mellowed in fiber by unnumbered frosts,
Yields to the shoulder of the Titan Blast,
Forsakes its poise, and, with a booming crash,
Sweeps a fierce passage to the smothered rocks,
And lies a shattered ruin.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

From "Bitter Sweet." Copyright 1871, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FIRST SNOW.

HOW strange the new, soft silence in the air !
So still — it seemed that we could almost hear
The snowflakes, ere we saw them, drifting down
As lilies from the wall of heaven might fall —
Making the whole world beautiful and fair ;
Brightening the lonely roads, the meadows sear,

The garden-beds, the hedge-briers, rough and brown,
Dancing and whirling in their voiceless mirth,
As if half wild with joy, to reach the earth.
How strange the muffled sound of song, or call,
Or echoing laughter, or faint sleigh-bells' chime !
Each heart keeps memory of such a time,
When, on some winter morn, we waked to know
The first sweet noiseless advent of the snow.

— *Madeline S. Bridges.*

SO THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

FLYING through the cloudy sea
Out of soft gray mystery,
Lightly, lightly resting,
On the old elm nesting,
Hanging from the hemlock there
Like a beard of silver hair,
Molding on the lilac-tree
Petals of white purity,
Changing to a lovely frieze
Ancient weeds forlorn and gray
Shivering along the way —
So the snow comes down.

With a touch like a caress,
Forming fairy palaces —
Arch and pillar lifting
By its airy drifting ;
Wreathing marble portico
With white roses hanging low,
Curving Oriental eaves
Rich with curious carven leaves,

Building pinnacle and spire
For the sunset's flashing fire,
In soft steadiness abiding,
Flake by flake the vast earth hiding —
So the snow comes down.

— *Mary F. Butts.*

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work :

And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH, the snow, the beautiful snow !
 Filling the sky and earth below :
 Over the housetops, over the street,
 Over the heads of the people you meet,
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skipping along,
 Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong ;
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
 Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
 Pure as an angel, gentle as love !

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow !
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
 Whirling about in their maddening fun ;
 It plays in its glee with everyone,
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,
 It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye ;
 And playful dogs with a bark and a bound,
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around ;

The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

— *Selected.*



THE SNOW-BIRD.

IN the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush, in the roses below;
The meadow lark sings in the meadow,
But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me !

Chickadee !

The snowbird sings in the snow !

The blue martin trills in the gable,
The wren, in the gourd below;
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me !

Chickadee !

The snowbird sings in the snow !

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
 The wing of the sparrow drops low ;
 In the mist dips the wing of the robin,
 And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah me !

Chickadee !

The snowbird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey,
 The meek heart of the thrush below,
 The heart of the lark in the meadow,
 And the snowbird's heart in the snow.

But dearest to me,

Chickadee ! Chickadee !

Is that true little heart in the snow.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.



DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE rain-drops splash, and the dead leaves fall,
 On spire and cornice and mold ;
 The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
 "We must follow the summer, come one, come all,
For the winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend ;
Says one, “ I know the skies are fair,
And myriad insects float in air,
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

“ And every year when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk’s besieging gun.”

Says another, “ My cozy home I fit
On a Smyrna *grande café*,
Where on the threshold Hadjii sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away.”

Another says, “ I prefer the nave
Of a temple of Baalbec ;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak.”

“ Ah ! ” says the last, “ I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile’s green shore,
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

“ In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside,—
Then come to the Nile with me.”

They go, they go, to the river and plain,
 To ruined city and town ;
 They leave me alone with the cold again,
 Beside the tomb, where my joys are lain
 With hope like the swallows flown.

— *Translated from Théophile Gautier.*

WINTER BIRDS.

I WATCH them from the window,
 While winds so keenly blow ;
 How merrily they twitter,
 And revel in the snow ;
 In brown and ruffled feathers
 They dot the white around,
 And not one moping comrade
 Among the lot I've found.
 Ah, may I be as cheerful
 As yonder winter birds,
 Through ills and petty crosses,
 With no repining words ;
 So, teaching me this lesson,
 Away, away they go,
 And leave their tiny footprints
 In stars upon the snow.

— *George Cooper.*



CHRISTMAS.

H EAP on more wood! — the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew.

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung —
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed in holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share

The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight
 And general voice the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

— *Walter Scott.*

"*Marmion.*"

CHRISTMAS.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;
 The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices in four hamlets round,
 From far and near, on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound :
 Each voice four changes of the wind,
 That now dilate, and now decrease ;
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*



THE HOLLY.

THE holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay —
 Come give the holly a song ;
 For it helps to drive stern winter away,
 With his garments so somber and long ;
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,

And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even a daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king ;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, the frost may come
 To fetter the gurgling rill ;
The woods may be bare, and warblers dumb,
 But holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls
 The bright holly branch is found ;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
 While the brimming horn goes round.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king ;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
 Where graves and ruins are spread ;
There's beauty about the cypress-tree,
 But it flourishes near the dead ;
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of tears and blood ;
I sing the holly, and who can breathe
 Aught of that, that is not good ?
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king ;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

— Eliza Cook.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast ;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches ;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under ;

Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number !
The snowflakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE Christmas-day was coming, the Christmas-eve
drew near ;
The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and
clear,
And this was what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moon-
light,
“ Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the ‘ Holy
Night ’ ? ”

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh :
“ You all will be approved,” he said, “ but oh, what chance
have I ? ”

“ I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my
branches grow ;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are
free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas-tree.”

The Christmas angel hovered near ; he caught the grieving
word,
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity
stirred ;
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas
Saint,
And in his fatherly kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree’s plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day,
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way ;
One baby-girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all !
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat
fast,
He was a real Christmas-tree ; he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers, and a tiny doll, were all that he could hold.

The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers
bright ;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir in the silent night a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown his needles were, he had no
heart to grieve,
“I have not lived in vain,” he said, “thank God for
Christmas-eve !”

— *Susan Coolidge.*

“St. Nicholas.”

FLOWERS IN WINTER.



FAIR flowers that bloom so
richly,
As if the summer's breath
Were wafted o'er their birth-
place,
And not the chill of death !
I hail the joyful emblem,—
Fit cheer for hours of gloom,—
Earth has its wintry trials,
But 'tis not all a tomb.

I listen in the evening
To the sighing of the gale ;

I watch the heaping snowdrifts,
And hear the rattling hail ;
And I think, with grateful spirit,
What a glorious God is ours,
Who is mighty in the tempest,
And gentle in the flowers.

The piercing blasts are blowing ;
 But every smiling cup
 Breathes forth such charming fragrance,
 And looks so sweetly up ;
 I forget the shortened daylight,
 And the wintry chill and gloom,
 And heaven seems hovering near me,
 With its everlasting bloom.

And I see amid the darkness
 Of the path that mortals tread,
 In the land of grief and partings,
 Of the mourning and the dead,
 How God, with loving mercy,
 Softening the painful blow,
 Leaves joy, to gild our sorrow,
 Like flowers in time of snow.

— *Samuel Francis Smith.*

From "Poems of Home and Country."

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.



HERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing
 hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine,
 Race after race their honor yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ; — in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

—*James Montgomery.*

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR:

FAREWELL, old year ; we walk no more together ;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears ;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight ;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden,
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard theplash of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness,
I would not trust him with my load of care ;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo, he blessed me with an answered prayer !

Good-by, kind year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part ;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays, and wear them on my heart.

— *Sarah Doudney.*

JANUARY.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

JANUS AND JANUARY.

JANUS am I; oldest of potentates !
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count — as god of avenues and gates —
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen ;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THRESHOLD OF THE NEW YEAR.

WE are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door,
 We are treading on a border land we have never trod before ;
 Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
 We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn ;
 We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed ;
 We pass into the future which some of us can read.
 The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,
 May yield a partial harvest ; we hope for sixty-fold.
 Then hasten to fresh labor, to thrash and reap and sow,
 Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the old year go ;—
 Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
 And let this be your motto, " For God and for the Right."

— *Selected.*

THE NEW YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

WINTER.

BUT winter has yet brighter scenes — he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows,
Or autumn with its many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach !
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look ! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal ; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
But round the parent-stem the long low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor.

All, all is light ;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

—William Cullen Bryant.

SKATING.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible, for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons. Happy time

It was indeed for all of us : for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six. I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for its home.

All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle.

With the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud.
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed ; while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay ; or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star, —
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs

Wheeled by me, even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round.
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feeblower ; and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

— *William Wordsworth.*



THE OCEAN.

NOW stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade
To men, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.
Ho ! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings, to break his strong and viewless chains ;
Foams in his wrath ; and at his prison doors,
Hark ! hear him ! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite ! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And O ! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast roll'd.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept it to death, the breathing land,
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy love and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, O Sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit ; it is sadness all !
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff — he with the iron crown.
And see ! those sable pines along the steep
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stolèd monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

— *Richard Henry Dana.*

SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

I WALKED beside a dark gray sea,
And said, "O world, how cold thou art !
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"Yon rising wave licks off the snow,
Winds on the crag each other chase,
In little powdery whirls they blow
The misty fragments down its face.

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter sits cowering on the wold,
And I, beside this watery brim,
Am also lonely, also cold."

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,
Where many mews made twittering sweet ;
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
Ran up and washed it while they fed ;
Their fond and foolish ecstasy
A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy accompanied with every cry,
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play !
What idless graced the twittering things ;

Luxurious paddlings in the spray,
And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
The lovely crowd flew out at sea ;
If mine own life had been recast,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

MIDWINTER.



THE speckled sky
is dim with snow,
The light flakes fal-
ter and fall slow ;
Athwart the hill-
top, rapt and
pale,
Silently drops a
silvery veil ;
And all the val-
ley is shut in
By flickering cur-
tains gray and
thin.

But cheerily the chick-
adee

Singeth to me on fence and
tree ;

The snow sails round him, as he sings,
White as the down of angel's wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall ;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof ;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk,
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow ;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows : the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost ;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood ;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold ;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree :

But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird ;
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and white
As snowflakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

—*John Townsend Trowbridge.*

TO A THRUSH SINGING IN JANUARY.

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
For in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone
(They stayed but half a day),
The berries bright hang lingering on ;
Yet thou hast learned thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brushed thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;

The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will.

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive ;
The sweet bird's early song
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring
Are truer far than we.

—John Keble.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly !

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

— *William Shakespeare.*

THE SNOWSTORM.

SO all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,

And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE SNOWSTORM.

WINDS from the north do blow ;
See whirl and dance of snow ;
Now driving, leaping down,
And whitening farm and town,
And, from the leaden clouds which crowd the sky,
Hiding familiar things from foot and eye.

The paths are lost and gone ;
The streets have no one on
Their hidden, soundless stone,
Where piles of flakes are blown
From fields of gray, where move the viewless stars,
And smokeless battle leaves no telling scars.

Still come the flakes of white,
Like blossoms pure and light,
From heaven's great orchard trees,
Which feed no humming bees,
Borne by the wind which shook them from their hold
Down on the hills, where flocks all seek their fold.

All through the silent woods,
The trees with powdered hoods,
And foreheads calm and fair,
Are bowed like saints at prayer ;
While leaning down are faded goldenrods,
With weight of spotless ermine from the gods.

Night comes without a moon
To light the sky of gloom ;
The rushing storm sweeps past
On wild and reinless blast,
And shakes the window and the massive door,
And leaves the wind-swept world a whitened floor.

— *J. Hazard Hartzell.*

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING all the night-time,
Falling all the day,
Silent into silence,
From the far-away ;

Stilly host unnumbered,
All the night and day,
Falling, falling, falling,
From the far-away, —

Never came like glory
To the fields and trees,
Never summer blossoms
Thick and white as these.

To the dear old places
Winging night and day,
Follow, follow, follow,
Fold them soft away ;

Folding, folding, folding,
Fold the world away,
Souls of flowers drifting
Down the winter day.

— *John Vance Cheney.*

IN FEBRUARY.



THE birds have been singing to-day,
And saying : "The spring is near !
The sun is as warm as in May,
And the deep blue heavens are clear."

The little bird on the boughs
Of the somber snow-laden pine
Thinks : " Where shall I build me my house,
And how shall I make it fine ?

" For the season of snow is past ;
The mild south wind is on high ;
And the scent of the spring is cast
From his wing as he hurries by."

The little birds twitter and cheep
To their loves on the leafless larch ;
But seven foot deep the snow-wreaths sleep,
And the year hath not worn to March.

—John Addington Symonds.

THE SPARROWS.

OUTSIDE my garret window there's a roof,
And there the lively sparrows love to come,
These wintry days, eager to get a crumb.
Though feathered warm, in brown and gray,
not proof
Are they 'gainst hunger. From a ledge aloof

They flurry down, alert and frolicsome ;
And then, again, they're sober-eyed and glum,
Anxious that I should give for their behoof.
They are abused by some, I freely own ;
And when I gave food I have seen them flare
Away awhile, as if they had a fear
Of unexpected harm ; but ne'er a stone
Would I throw at these gossips of the air,
That this dull weather fills with a chatty cheer..

— *Selected.*

SNOWBIRDS.

ALONG the narrow sandy height
I watch them swiftly come and go,
Or round the leafless wood,
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,
Revolving in perpetual flight,
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,
And, scattering in a circled sweep,
Rush down without a sound ;
And now I see them peer and peep
Across yon level bleak and gray,
Searching the frozen ground, —

Until a little wind upheaves,
And makes a sudden rustling there,
And then they drop their play,
Flash up into the sunless air,
And, like a flight of silver leaves,
Swirl round and sweep away.

— Archibald Lampman.



THE CHICKADEE.

“**W**ERE it not for me,”
Said a chickadee,
“Not a single flower on earth would be ;
For under the ground they soundly sleep,
And never venture an upward peep,
Till they hear from me,
Chickadee-dee-dee !

“I tell Jack Frost when 'tis time to go
And carry away the ice and snow ;
And then I hint to the jolly old sun,
‘A little spring work, sir, should be done.
And he smiles around
On the frozen ground,
And I keep up my cheery, cheery sound,
Till echo declares in glee, in glee ;
'Tis he ! 'tis he !
The chickadee-dee !

“And then I waken the birds of spring—
 ‘Ho, ho! ’tis time to be on the wing.’
 They trill and twitter and soar aloft,
 And I send the winds to whisper soft,
 Down by the little flower-beds,
 Saying, ‘Come show your pretty heads!
 The spring is coming, you see, you see!
 For so sings he,
 The chickadee-dee!’”

The sun he smiled ; and the early flowers
 Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,
 And song birds gathered in bush and tree ;
 But the wind he laughed right merrily,
 As the saucy mite of a snowbird he
 Chirped away, “Do you see, see, see?
 I did it all !
 Chickadee-dee !”

— *Sidney Dayre.*

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.



HEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows
 his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in
 pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

— *William Shakespeare.*

"Love's Labor's Lost."

FEBRUARY.

AROUND, above the world of snow
 The light-heeled breezes breathe and blow ;
 Now here, now there, they whirl the flakes,
 And whistle through the sun-dried brakes,
 Then, growing faint, in silence fall
 Against the keyhole in the hall.

Then dusky twilight spreads around,
 The last soft snowflake seeks the ground,
 And through unshaded window-panes
 The lamp-rays strike across the plains,
 While now and then a shadow tall
 Is thrown upon the whitewashed wall.

The hoar-frost crackles on the trees,
 The rattling brook begins to freeze,
 The well-sweep glistens in the light
 As if with dust of diamonds bright ;
 And speeding o'er the crusted snow
 A few swift-footed rabbits go.

Then the night-silence, long and deep,
 When weary eyes close fast in sleep ;
 The hush of Nature's breath, until
 The cock crows loud upon the hill ;
 And shortly through the eastern haze
 The red sun sets the sky ablaze.

—James Berry Bensel.



FEBRUARY RAIN.

O LONELY day ! No sounds are heard
 Save winds and floods that downward
 pour,
 And timid fluting of a bird,
 That pipes one low note o'er and o'er.

Before the blast the bare trees lean,
 The ragged clouds sail low and gray,
 And all the wild and wintry scene
 Is but one blur of driving spray.

O day most meet for memories,
 For musing by a vacant hearth
 On that which was and that which is,
 And those who walk no more on earth !

And yet this dark and dreary day
 Some brighter lesson still can bring,
 For it is herald of the May,
 A faint foretoken of the spring.

Beneath the ceaseless-beating rain
 Earth's snowy shroud fast disappears,

As sorrow pressing on the brain,
Fades in a flood of happy tears.

And thus in darkness oft is wrought,
Through lonely days of tears and grief,
The gradual change by which is brought
To shadowed lives some sweet relief.

— *Charles Turner Dazey.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

IT is pleasant to think, just under the snow,
That stretches so bleak and blank and cold,
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot know,
Green fields and leaves and blossoms of gold.

Yes, under this frozen and dumb expanse,
Ungladdened by bee or bird or flower,
A world where the leaping fountains glance,
And the buds expand, is waiting the hour.

It is hidden now ; not a glimmer breaks
Through the hard blue ice and the sparkling drift.
The world shrinks back from the downy flakes
Which out of the fold of the night-cloud sift.

But as fair and real a world it is
As any that rolls in the upper blue ;
If you wait you will hear its melodies,
And see the sparkle of fount and dew.

And often now when the skies are wild,
And hoarse and sullen the night winds blow,
And lanes and hollows with drifts are piled,
I think of the violets under the snow ;

I look in the wild-flower's tremulous eye,
I hear the chirp of the groundbird brown ;
A breath from the budding grove steals by,
And the swallows are dipping above the lawn.

So there, from the outer sense concealed,
It lies, shut in by a veil of snow ;
But there, to the inward eye revealed,
Are boughs that blossom and flowers that glow.

The lily shines on its bending stem,
The crocus opens its April gold,
And the rose up-tosses its diadem
Against the floor of the winter's cold.

— *Fay Hempstead.*

MY WINDOW IVY.

OVER my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars ;
But all the day it looks at the sun,
And at night looks out at the stars.

The dust of the room may dim its green,
But I call to the breezy air :
“ Come in, come in, good friend of mine !
And make my window fair.”

So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,
Its leaves all turned to the light ;
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green,
And teaches me day and night.

What though the dust of earth would dim ?
There's a glorious outer air

That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God ! let me grow from day to day,
Clinging and sunny and bright !
Though planted in shade, Thy window is near,
And my leaves may turn to the light.

— *Mary Mapes Dodge.*

From "Along the Way." Copyright 1879, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the moldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he ;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves ;
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

— *Charles Dickens.*

TWILIGHT.

A VE Maria ! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, when I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft ;
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft ;
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer,

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

— *Lord George Noel Gordon Byron.*

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, little baby of mine,
 Night and the darkness are near,
 But Jesus looks down
 Through the shadows that frown,
 And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes ;
 Dear little head, be at rest ;
 Jesus like you,
 Was a baby once, too,
 And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
 Soft on your pillow so white ;
 Jesus is here
 To watch over you, dear,
 And nothing can harm you to-night.

O, little darling of mine,
 What can you know of the bliss,
 The comfort I keep,
 Awake and asleep,
 Because I am certain of this ?

— *Selected.*



THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
“ Rub-a-dub ! ” it goeth ;
There is one little dream of a big sugarplum,
And, low ! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth !

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing ;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet ?
They'll come to you sleeping ;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing ; comes creeping.

— *Eugene Field.*

From “Love-Songs of Childhood.” Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

AT EVENING.

ANOTHER day is numbered with the past ;
 Another night is given us for rest ;
 Father, my spirit at Thy feet I cast,
 Oh, gather it unto Thy loving breast.

Nightly Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
 Sendest a time for silence and returning ;
 O Father ! teach me all the holy worth
 Of the still hours when Thy clear stars are burning.

—Selected.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

AHERALD am I from the Land of Dreams,
 And I come at my lord's command,
 Who bids me proclaim, in his mighty name,
 The delights of his shadowy land.
 For the Land of Dreams is a beautiful land,
 Where trouble is never found,
 Where you live at ease, and do as you please,
 And pleasure and gladness abound.
 There are no schools in the Land of Dreams,
 And no dreadful lessons annoy,
 With romp and play, through the livelong day,
 Will your hearts be filled with joy.
 They never say "no" in the Land of Dreams,
 'Tis always "certainly" there,
 And during your play there is no one to say
 "You mustn't do that, my dear."
 In the Land of Dreams every boy is a prince,
 And a princess every maid,

Who joyously reign, with a fairy train
 In rainbow tints arrayed.
 Then let us away to the Land of Dreams,
 To this beautiful, happy land ;
 Just close your eyes and soon you will rise
 And step on its golden strand.

—H. F. Sargent.

A WINTER NIGHT.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell¹ and doure,²
 Sharp shivers through the leafless bower ;
 When Phœbus gies a short-lived glower³
 Far south the lift,⁴
 Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,
 Or whirling drift :

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor labor sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or through the mining outlet bocked,⁵
 Down headlong hurl.

Listening the doors and winnocks⁶ rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie⁷ cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle⁸
 O' winter war,
 And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,⁹
 Beneath a scaur.¹⁰

¹ Keen.

³ Stare.

⁵ Belched.

⁷ Shivering.

⁹ Struggle.

² Stern.

⁴ Sky.

⁶ Windows.

⁸ Dashing storm.

¹⁰ Cliff.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
 And close thy e'e?

E'en you, on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole : —

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows ! ”

— *Robert Burns.*

SONNET TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
 Why do we then shun *death*, with anxious strife ?
 If Light can thus deceive — wherefore not Life ?

—*Joseph Blanco White.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT !
 Be thy cares forgotten quite !

Day approaches to its close ;

Weary nature seeks repose.

Till the morning dawns in light,

Good-night !

Go to rest !

Close thine eyes in slumber blest !

Now 'tis still and quiet all ;

Hear we but the watchman's call,

And the night is still and blest.

Go to rest !

Good-Night !
 Slumber till the morning light !
 Slumber till the dawn of day
 Brings its sorrow with its ray.
 Sleep without or fear or fright !
 Our Father wakes ! good-night ! good-night !

— From the German.

NIGHT.

HOW beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh,
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace ; — all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
 Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley.

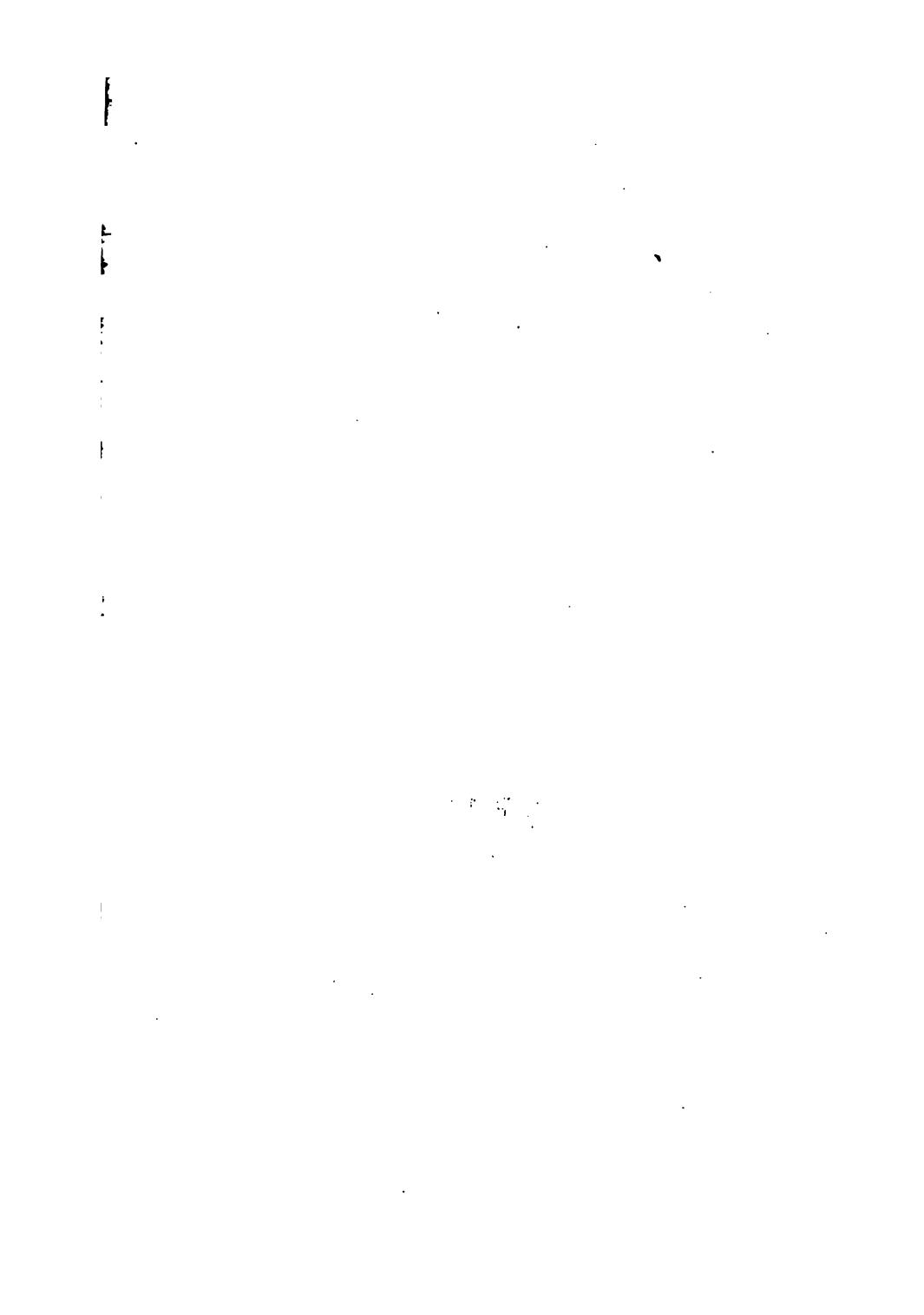
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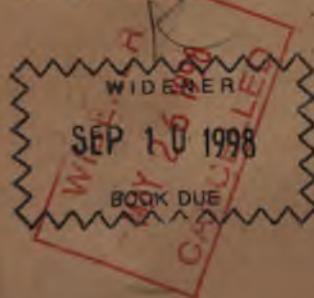
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